THE SUNDAY SCHOOL QUARTERLY

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EDITORIAL

THIS is the last number of the SUNDAY SCHOOL QUARTERLY. Four years ago we set out to encourage the isolated workers of our schools and we have substantial evidence of the success of our efforts. A large number of capable writers and workers have united with us in this endeavour, and from several quarters of the globe, from the Unitarian and other denominations letters of appreciation have reached us. But three months is a long time to wait for the next number: in consequence, the Sunday School Association has resolved to issue a national monthly magazine, the first number to appear on the first of October next. It will be under the management of an editorial board composed of Sunday school workers and writers from different parts of the country. This board will meet at least twice a year, during the Annual and Autumnal Meetings of the Association, and everything will be done to help our three thousand five hundred teachers to prepare their work and increase the efficiency of our schools as centres of religious education.

We have to tender our cordial and grateful thanks to many friends, known and unknown, for valuable help given happily and willingly for four years, and we have to record our appreciation of the services of gentle critics who have, sometimes, pointed out the better way as it seemed to them. It must also be put on record that we have scarcely ever found a critic who was not ready to support his opinion by sending the article that ought to appear or exactly the Notes for Teachers that were wanted. Our experience in the management has been most inspiring; we began with a high appreciation of the labours of our friends throughout the country, and we leave off with a heightened sense of their value. When we meet them again in the pages of the new monthly we look forward to better work and even more cordial co-operation than we have found hitherto. No pains are too great to take for the improvement of our common work for God and the children.

One word more. It has been an especial pleasure to have the generous help of our friend Mr. Arnold Broadbent as sub-editor. His work has been entirely sympathetic and his judgment has never erred.

TALKS TO TEACHERS

BERTRAM LISTER, M.A.

I.—Why?

THE first thing we have to make clear is why the school exists. It is not simply a nursery provided by a Benevolent Institution, to which children may be sent, so that their mothers and fathers may have an hour's rest on a Sunday afternoon undisturbed by their too vigorous offspring. It is not simply a feeding-ground whence the elder scholars may be grafted on to the church as junior members. The parents may be pleased to get rid of them, and the church may be pleased to welcome them, all the same. But it exists for a far higher and nobler reason—to show the child the way he should go. By the results of its character-training it stands or falls. The test

of its success or failure lies in the nearer or further approach of its scholars to the ideal of manhood or womanhood. Character has been defined as the disposition of a person's will,—and it is the teacher's special privilege to be allowed a hand in the shaping of this disposition. The training of the child's soul is given him as a trust from the parents,—he must therefore be a 'developer of the child's mind, a mediator between the child and the subject of the lesson, an interpreter of life, and the priest of progress in the things of the spirit.'

For him, education stands for culture, efficiency, discipline, knowledge, development, character, and citizenship.

The special aim of Sunday school teaching should be religious and moral—every child is by nature religious: the teacher's task is to see that that nature is developed, not crushed, and developed along the right lines. Instead of 'the three R's' of old-fashioned education, he has 'three H's' to deal with—the heart, the head and the hand, and all three must work together to make him a good man.

II.—Classification and Arrangement of the Sunday School

There are three things supremely necessary in every well-ordered school: grading of classes, grading of lessons, grading of teachers.

Grading of Classes.—The pupils should be arranged in small classes according to their intellectual development, and the classes should be arranged in sections according to their pupils. The kindergarten, the primary, the junior, the senior; each with a separate suite of rooms and organisation, including a separate superintendent, all being under one head officer, who should be the connecting link.

Grading of Lessons.—The subjects taught and methods used should correspond to the intellectual capacity of the pupils in each section. Each should have its own set of lessons, which should be by way of preparation for the higher section. And it follows that each should have its separate teachers' class, since what is suitable preparation for one would be waste of time for another.

Grading of Teachers.—Teachers should be chosen for each section according to their ability to deal with the pupils in that section. It is unfair to expect a teacher, who is a first-class teacher of infants, to be ready at a moment's notice to take the Men's Bible Class. And *vice versa*.

Each class should, if possible, have its own room, with its own library, and pictures, and museum, in which the interest of the scholars should be aroused. The class-rooms should be bright, clean, tidy, well lighted, *and well ventilated.*

But the work of a Sunday school does not end with the Sunday; it should continue throughout the week in the shape of recreation classes and clubs. The activities of the pupils should be organised, so as to make full use of their natural tendencies and desires. There is no dividing line between sacred and profane: the 'profane' should be made sacred by right usage.

III.—Don'ts for Teachers

Don't forget that the teacher is there for the scholar's good, and therefore he should aim at becoming his friend. This can be helped by coming to school in good time, and chatting, not with fellow-teachers, but with the members of his class; having a word with each one at the opening and closing of school. It is also well for the teacher to visit the homes of the scholars at frequent intervals, as a friend, not as a teacher—whereby he will get some insight into the difficulties and surroundings of the boys. A sympathetic imagination is valuable.

Don't forget that little things are important, e.g., dress, manner, alertness, cheerfulness.

Don't be always on your dignity. 'Will you do this?' is better than 'You must' or 'You ought'; and 'we' is more effective than 'you.'

Don't forget that the boy is probably speaking the truth; at any rate give him the benefit of the doubt.

Don't forget, in teaching, that it is the scholar who is of most importance. Therefore don't do all the talking yourself, but ask questions and get answers. Make use of them as much as possible.

Don't use words your scholars don't understand.

Don't forget that scholars do not like weak discipline. They prefer strength, so long as it is just and merciful, and free from favouritism and violence.

Don't read in class. Tell stories if you like, but keep the book closed: look at them, and they will look at you. Use plenty of illustrations.

Don't think that everyone is trying to slight you, or you will make life a misery for yourself and everyone else. Be determined to make the best of everything, and always look on the bright side, and try to find the good.

Don't forget to find a substitute if you cannot be in your place. It is not fair to the substitute to ask him at the last minute; it is not fair to the superintendent to leave a class without a teacher; it is not fair to the class to be put off with a tale chosen at random.

Don't be afraid of introducing new methods. Bring illustrative objects. Keep a class diary. Use pictures and blackboards.

IV.—Child Nature

The best help a teacher can have is the child himself. Watch him, and learn from him his nature. Though no two boys are ever exactly alike, we can find in most of them nine fundamental instincts. These are:—

1. *The desire for praise*, which necessitates the teacher having a knowledge of the characteristics of each individual, so that he may give just enough and not too much praise to be effective.

2. *The love of society*: The normal boy does not like to be left alone; though dolls and toys are often found to be much more satisfactory than grown-ups, as they will always play properly. This is met by the teacher being a friend of the scholar.

3. *The desire to know*: '*How*' and '*why*' are the two most hardworked words in the child's vocabulary; and we must not forget that destructiveness is merely scientific exploration.

4. *The love of imitation*: which means that the teacher must be careful what example the child has to follow.

5. *The love of power*: which should be used by the teacher, the child being allowed to help whenever possible.

6. *The love of activity*: children must be doing something, and they ought not to be expected to sit still for a whole hour 'being good.'

7. *The desire to excel*: which should be turned to account by making the more advanced help the more backward.

8. *The instinct of progress*: allied to the desire to know, but more active.

9. *The religious instinct*: which, if starved, may never come to life again.

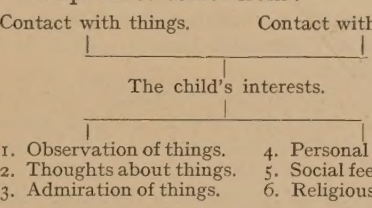
Put in other words, it may be said that 'the child is hungry to know, to do, to be understood, and eager for companionship.'

It is well to remember that suggestion plays a large part in the child's life; therefore, instead of saying, 'Don't do this,' say 'Will you do that, please?' Remember Adam and Eve.[1] Also, tell ten good stories for every bad one; for the child desires nothing of which he knows nothing.

Don't try to break the child's will. Christianity is not the same as having no backbone. Bad habits must be crushed out by new good habits, and remember that good behaviour is positive, not negative. Be careful not to misinterpret a child's action—many things we call naughty are not naughty, but 'inspired fidgetiness.'

The teacher's task is to lead from the known to the unknown—the known comes from past experience, which is all he has to go on.

[2] Experience comes from:—



1. Can be helped by using objects and illustrations, and getting the child to do his share in providing or producing them.

2. Raises the questions 'why' and 'how,' and can be developed by questioning.

3. Should be always catered for—beautiful surroundings, pictures, tales, and noble lives.

4. Includes the desire to improve—the instinct of progress.

5. The lesson should be *their* lesson—co-operation is a real and workable thing for the social boy who plays for his side.

6. To cultivate this is the main aim of the Sunday School, and all should lead up to it.

[1] Adam and Eve were told not to eat a certain kind of apple. Immediately they went and sampled the tree.

[2] Thiselton Mark's *The Teacher and the Child.*

V.—What to teach

Everything. The two great storehouses are the Bible and Nature—human and otherwise.

The Bible. Choose the subject carefully, and the reading even more so. Choose only whatsoever things are true and of good report. Take care to have mastered the subject before trying to master the class. The second will follow from the first. Deal with the positive side, and leave the negative alone as much as possible. Don't be ashamed of using books in the preparation. It is only the genius or the fool who gets everything out of his own head. Remember that the Bible times are not present times. It is as well to get scholars to understand this—therefore use as many illustrations and pictures as possible, but remember also that the deed is generally of greater importance than the person.

For the first few years—i.e., till about the age of fifteen or sixteen—the two great Commandments constitute the main doctrinal teaching advisable. Later, it is as well to talk about such things as the composition of the Bible, and the why and wherefore of our faith—and, later still, about the differences between that and other faiths.

Hymns are useful, especially for the younger end of the school—but the sense should be explained carefully, before any attempt is made to commit to memory—and the teacher should learn the verse with the scholars.

Nature.—Under this heading can be included everything good. *Biography*—told, not read—is very useful, illustrating nobleness, courage, patience, patriotism, singleness of aim, perseverance, and the like.

'Lessons from *Nature* should evoke (*a*) the faculty for intelligent observation, (*b*) the sense of beauty, (*c*) the sentiment of wonder, (*d*) the recognition of purpose and adaptation, (*e*) the proofs of care for, and love of, offspring,—and, accumulatively, as the result of (*a*) to (*e*)—(*f*) sentiments of reverence and awe in presence of these proofs of Divine operation.'

Moral and Social questions are a continuation for the older scholars of the duty of love to God and love to man.

Poetry and *Pictures* can also be used with advantage by one in sympathy. And under *Literature* will come many books, from Shakespeare to a magazine article.

VI.—How to Teach

Preparation.—Decide first on the subject—then on the lesson to be learned from it; or, if you choose the lesson first, make the subject fit. Then find out as much as possible about it, and make notes of the points, arranging them as far as possible in order—then find the best way of getting the points into the heads of the pupils. What do they know already in the least connected with the main idea? What have they seen? Where have they been? What have they done? Make notes of anything and everything that can connect the new lesson with their past experience. Having done that, go through your notes, and cross out all the unimportant points, leaving only the main and leading ideas, which can be copied out on a sheet of notepaper ready for the lesson.

The lesson itself.—The scholar's mind must be prepared for it, and led up to the point, which must be pushed home by illustrations. Summarised—these are the headings suggested (Code Book, p. 45): Aim—Preparation of the scholar's mind—Lead the way—Reach the point—Mark the spot—Association (that is, always going from the known to the unknown).

Don't be afraid of working to a system, but be ready to leave the system if necessary, and don't show it. A skeleton in the cupboard is extremely useful, but cover it over with clothes.

Make as many notes as you like in preparation, but for the Sunday meal boil them down till there's scarcely anything left. Explain before reading. Encourage the self-expression of the pupils in every orderly and useful way. One lesson a month may profitably be *their* lesson—let them suggest it, and work it out. (This applies principally to the elder classes.) Give them something to do.

Another way of putting it is[1]:—

1. Prepare the minds of the scholars.
2. Present new matter, which should be striking, and full of interest.
3. Compare and illustrate, and bring in companion ideas or examples.

[1] Cf. Thiselton Mark's *The Teacher and the Child.*

4. Draw these points into one main lesson, and—

5. Give them something to do, to carry out the idea taught.

Questioning.—1. Questions should have something in them.

2. They should be—as a rule, though not always—so definite as not to admit of alternate answers; but should be answered by more than 'yes' and 'no' simply.

3. Sometimes ask difficult questions.

4. Sometimes ask for information.

5. Prepare the questions beforehand.

6. Make the most of the answers.

7. Expect a good answer.

8. Don't think that an obviously silly answer is necessarily silly, but try to find out why it was given, and how the scholar arrived at it.

9. Be ready to help scholars out with the answers.

THE WELLS OF THE BIBLE

WILFRID HARRIS, M.A.

I.—The Well of the Living One that seeth me.

It is commonly known as Hagar's well, because it is in connection with her visit to it that the Bible gives us the fullest and most clear description of this well. And we see it on our first visit in stormy weather.

But it was not Hagar's well alone; it was also Isaac's. Not improbably it had been Abraham's before him; for Isaac, we are told, digged again the wells which his father Abraham had digged; for the Philistines had stopped them after the days of Abraham. This well 'Thou, God, seest me,' is usually stopped up, in all ages, by the Philistines.

The well-springs of Faith, Hope, and Love have to be dug afresh oft-times. And my main purpose in speaking of these 'Wells of the Bible' is to arouse your interest in the re-discovery of their whereabouts, and the restoration of them to use, that the living waters may flow again in the fields of our own human and religious and moral need.

And I feel that some description of these wells, and of their long history and their place in the sacred story of man's search for God and for righteousness to satisfy his aching thirst upon this earth, will increase our reverence for them; for numberless human lives, in joy or in sorrow, have sat by these wells.

And if, in our day, the Philistines have been busily engaged in stopping the thought 'Thou, God, seest me' from ever flowing to refresh the most urgent thirst of modern life, man's thirst for God,—I shall at least attempt to follow the example of Isaac, and re-dig the well that the Philistines have stopped. Whether it flows again or not, I must leave to you to judge. Let me then describe the well

'Thou, God, seest me.'

The story may be briefly told. Sarai, Abram's wife, had an handmaid, an Egyptian, whose name was Hagar. And Sarai dealt hardly with her and she fled from her face. And the angel of the Lord found her by a fountain of water in the wilderness, by the fountain in the way to Shur. And he said, 'Hagar, Sarai's maid, whence comest thou? And whither goest thou?' And she said, 'I flee from the face of my mistress Sarai.' And the angel of the Lord said unto her, 'Return to thy mistress, and submit thyself under her hands.' And the angel of the Lord said unto her, 'Behold, thou art with child, and shalt bear a son; and thou shalt call his name Ishmael ("God heareth"), because the Lord hath heard thy affliction. And he shall be as a wild-ass among men; his hand shall be against every man, and every man's hand against him; and he shall dwell over against all his brethren.' And she called the name of the Lord that spake unto her 'Thou art a God that seeth'; for she said, 'Have I even here looked after him that seeth me?'

Wherefore the well was called 'The Well of the Living One who seeth me';—Beer-la-hai-roi,—behold it is between Kadesh and Bered' (between Holiness and Hail-stones).

We have a phrase in English, 'Between the devil and the deep sea'; perhaps, at some future time, readers of ancient English writings will search their fragmentary maps of old England to find just where those two places were, the one spelt D-E-V-I-L, and the other D-E-E-P-S-E-A; and they will be troubled to identify them.

Equally difficult would it be, after reading Bunyan's 'Pilgrim's Progress,' and knowing that John Bunyan was an Englishman, to find out whether 'The City of

Destruction' was North of the Humber or South of it, and whether 'The Holy City' was on the Thames or the Severn.

In like manner that wonderful Pilgrim's Progress, the Bible, so vividly describes the spiritual experiences of the human soul, that it declares this revelation, 'Thou, God, seest me,' came to Hagar between 'Holy' and 'Hail'; if I may venture on an interpretation,—it was Holiness in a Hailstorm.

It is a fountain of tears in the wilderness, and a girl sitting beside it, and looking into it, sees the truth about herself, and her condition, and the consequences; she sees her reflection in the deep waters of the well; though no one else sees, 'Thou, God, seest me.' It is the revelation of religion to her. The truth of God, that seeth every child of his always, however they may wander; not in the churches, not in the cant phrases of religion, but in the personal experience of her own sin and her own sorrow, and the felt presence of the divine voice in her heart, a friend, a sympathiser, a comforter, and withal a stern reprover, and a very plain and unmistakable speaker; there in the wilderness of her life God reveals himself unmistakably to herself, and she says so, 'Thou, God, seest me.'

It has been said that God is the 'looking-glass of the soul.' When we pray to him, he answers as unmistakably as the mirror to the face that stands before it,—God shows us ourselves. That is the answer. And it is for this reason, I imagine, that those who never pray to God, have so little deeper knowledge of themselves. For this reason, also, that those who have most deeply come to understand human nature, both its frailties and its noble possibilities, have been the men and women of prayer. For it is as though one woman should look at herself in the looking-glass every morning and see herself reflected there, and adjust her hair and her dress and the smile on her face, that she may go forth into the world smiling and beautiful and as she wishes to be; and another woman, who should live in some heathen land where looking-glasses had never been discovered, and who never, save at some chance stream, pool, or well of water in the wilderness,—never has seen her own reflection.

Hagar, then, comes suddenly and unexpectedly upon God,—the looking-glass of the soul,—she meets him in the wilderness of her trouble, as it were in the fountain of her tears on the way to Shur; that is, on her way home to her father and mother or whatever home-folk she had. For Hagar, you remember, was an Egyptian, and Shur was the boundary fortress between Palestine and Egypt; she was on her way to the boundary, to Egypt; poor girl, she was going home; and on the way—the Fountain of Tears. It just burst forth, and could not be stopped, a fountain, and in the wilderness!

But it was not without its comfort. It was a revelation. It was her first meeting with God, not as an abstraction, but as her own God, the God of her own life, and of all that life had in it for her. It was her first meeting with God. And God is an infinite comfort. After all, if God be with us, can we not bear all things?

Neither is there any experience of the soul that more nearly exalts us unto heaven than that deep depression, as unto Hell, when God himself tells us and makes clear to ourselves that we have sinned against him.

'Holy, holy, holy, Lord God Almighty,' the song of the angels has sounded in our hearts. And the infinitely holy God has not looked down on us in contempt, but he has taken the trouble to speak to us; spirit with spirit speaketh; the Holy and Tender Spirit has met with us and spoken to us. To them that have once had the sense of sin, God will never again be a mere abstraction. The condemnation which they feel, has not been the condemnation of men. It is the judgment of God. They know now by personal experience that God is a presence in their personal lives. They have felt, and they have acknowledged 'Thou, God, seest me.' And their God is no longer a mere God of the universe outside themselves, or any Being far away and remote from human life and its experiences, but the sense of sin has revealed him, the All-Holy, as close beside each one of us, all the day long. Neither is any child of God, however fallen, erring, or gone astray, lost from his sight,—'Thou, God, seest ME.'

As Jesus said at a later time, 'Not a sparrow falleth to the ground without your Father.'

Of all the well-springs of religion, this up-welling consciousness of 'The Living One who seeth ME,' is it not one of the deepest and best known to the wandering souls of men in their thirst in the wilderness

and who is there that has not wandered and sat down beside it?—'Thou, God, seest ME.'

The Bible does not argue; it just catches you sitting by that well yourself; and you may remember the very spot, here or there, on this side or that, 'Thou, God, seest ME.'

The geography of Palestine, the map of the Holy Land, the scenery described in the Bible, is it not all in your own experience? Turn to your own Atlas to find the exact place of this well, 'Thou, God, seest ME.'

Here, then, to this same well, 'Thou, God, seest ME,' wandering in the wilderness, came Hagar; and reflected in the deep still holiness of God saw her own image, saw herself; and then came the hailstorm. Surely, we all know the same place, and have sat there in the cold icy blast of that terrible storm of cold, cutting, clear truth, truth, truth, unmistakable; truth pelting like hail, the hard transparent truths, the bitterly cold, sharp-edged, cutting judgments of God,—the Hailstorm!

And there in the well, 'Thou, God, seest me,' between the Holiness and the Hailstorm, we see ourselves, a flickering, pelted image, a reflection, made in the likeness of God, and un-made again, shivered and shattered, dancing, breaking, coming, going, the whole of ourselves, and all the little bits; taken to pieces and put together again; a well in trouble and violent agitation, till the storm has done its worst, and passes at last.

Blessed are we, if we do not flee away from the chastisement of God, but bear the full brunt of the truth, and dare to face 'Thou, God, seest me,' to the very last cut of truth; till the last hailstone has fallen; and we wait; and there are no more; even God has finished at last, and the waters are still again. Lo, our lost image,—in the likeness of God,—is being restored, the clouds are passing, the heaven is clearing, the sun shines out, and there in the depths of our repentance we rest at last 'At Peace with God.'

That is the well. A well-spring of Religious Life welling up through the ages. It is a fountain of waters in the wilderness. It is between Holy and Hail.

'The well of the Living One that seeth ME.'

THE MAKING OF A NORTH COUNTRY SUNDAY SCHOOL—II

J. LONSDALE COX

THE year 1831 was distinguished in the religious history of Halifax by the establishment of a gathering in honour of the Founder of Sunday schools. The success which attended the Halifax celebration was so great that it was decided to continue the meetings, and as the town possessed a unique place of assembly in the spacious Piece Hall built for the convenience of the woollen merchants and manufacturers of the parish, great interest gathered around the successive Jubilees until in time they became the largest organised assemblies of Sunday school teachers, scholars, and sympathisers in the country. Departing from the idea of a celebration every fiftieth year the meetings were held every five years with enormous success and enthusiasm, and proved conclusively what a strong hold Sunday schools had secured on the people of the West Riding of Yorkshire generally and on the town and surrounding villages of Halifax in particular.

A copy of the circular sent to the managers of Sunday schools in the town and neighbourhood is given here. It serves to express the views of the friends of the institution and their determination that no doubt should exist as to the esteem in which it was held, and it very happily indicates the thoroughness and wholehearted directness, so different from the easy-going methods of the present day, with which the Sunday school managers of 1831 determined to give shape and colour to their opinions. Eighty-one years have gone by since the circular was issued, and not many copies can have escaped the destructive ravages of time and neglect.

TO THE CONDUCTORS OF
SION CHAPEL SUNDAY SCHOOL.

It has been proposed by the London Sunday School Union, to celebrate a Sunday School Jubilee throughout the country, the present year being the fiftieth of the establishment of these important Institutions, and as the 14th day of September will be the Anniversary of the Birthday of Raikes, the founder of Sunday schools, it has been resolved to devote that day to this purpose.

The Managers of Sunday schools of various Denominations, in the Town of Halifax, think such a Proposal admirably calculated to call the past to remembrance, and that it will operate as a stimulus to renewed and more vigorous exertion, and also be a means of improving and perpetuating the Sunday School System. Therefore they would submit to your notice the following Plan for its celebration :—

That a Prayer meeting of Sunday School Teachers, either united, or in each separate school, as may be thought most advisable, be held at seven o'clock in the Morning.

That the Schools of the different Christian Denominations in the Town and Neighbourhood, assemble in their respective Places of Worship in Halifax, at half-past Ten in the Morning, when Sermons will be preached, or Addresses delivered.

That after Divine Service, all the Teachers and Children shall meet at the Piece Hall to partake of Refreshment, where Hymns composed for the occasion, by J. Montgomery, Esq., of Sheffield, will be sung.

It has been suggested that each scholar attending should pay one penny towards defraying the expense of the Refreshment. The Teachers' contributing for the same purpose to be optional.

It has also been recommended that those persons who enter the Piece Hall as Spectators shall pay a small admission Fee, the proceeds of which shall be devoted to liquidate the debt on the Lancasterian School, for educating the children of the Poor of all Religious Denominations—the object of which Institution is intimately connected with that of Sunday Schools.

Your school is invited to join in the celebration of the Jubilee, and your answer, together with the number of your Teachers and Scholars, is requested to be sent to Mr. Birtwhistle, Bookseller, on or before the 1st August, or attend by Deputy at a Meeting which will be held on the 2nd August at Square Chapel at ½ past 7 in the evening for the purpose of making further Arrangements.

The following Gentlemen, and other Friends, have kindly promised their assistance on the Occasion :—

G. B. Browne, Esq.	Thomas Turner.
William Heap.	R. Swaine.
Samuel Hodgson.	William Walker.
John Baldwin.	Thomas Wilson.
George Beaumont.	Sam. Barraclough.
Ely Bates.	George Brierley.

July 16, 1831.

Birtwhistle and Nicholson, Printers, Halifax.

The English of this composition may be questionable, but the intention is very clear, and the celebration was very successful. It is noteworthy that at this and every subsequent Jubilee, Sion had a larger number of teachers and scholars present in the Piece Hall than any other school.

The hymns sung on the Jubilee day were the following, and the conductor was Dan Sugden, landlord of the Talbot Inn, whose stentorian voice was equal to the task of leading the assembly in the Piece Hall. The musical programme was modest indeed compared with the elaborate arrangements of the later celebrations, in which massed bands, and thirty thousand voices, rendered the Gloria and the Hallelujah Chorus.

TUNE : *Arabia.* Mrs. Gilbert.

The flowers of fifty summers gone,
The leaves that then were green,
Have nothing left to look upon
To tell that they have been.

The busy sights have passed away,
The merry din has died,
Millions of hearts, then young and gay,
The quiet grave doth hide.

But, like a living precious seed,
Dropt on a fruitful clod,
A thought of mercy came,—to lead
The poor man's child to God.

Like a lone husbandman, forlorn,
The man of Gloucester went,
Bearing this seed of precious corn,—
And God the blessing sent.

Now watered long by faith and prayer,
From year to year it grows,
Till heath and hill and desert bare,
Have blossomed like the rose.

And thus, in cheerful ranks arrayed,
Our tens of thousands meet—
Lord of the harvest, bless the blade.
And keep from tares the wheat.

Send gently down Thy mercy's showers,
And still in favour shine,
So shall safe harvest-home be ours,
And endless glory Thine.

This was followed by James Montgomery's hymn, sung to the tune Lydia.

Hosanna be the children's song
To Christ the children's King,
His praise to whom our souls belong,
Let all the children sing.

From little ones to Jesus brought,
Hosanna now be heard;
Let infants at the breast be taught
To lisp that lovely word.

Hosanna here in joyful bands,
Maidens and youths proclaim,
And hail with voices, hearts and hands
The Son of David's name.

Hosanna sound from hill to hill
And spread from plain to plain,
While louder, sweeter, clearer still
Woods echo to the strain.

Hosanna on the wings of light
O'er earth and ocean fly,
Till morn to eve and noon to night
And heaven to earth reply.

The city to the country call,
Let realm with realm accord,
And this their watchword, one and all
Hosanna,—praise the Lord.

Hosanna, then our song shall be,
Hosanna to our King,
This is the children's Jubilee,
Let all the children sing.

The conception of these compositions is much better than the execution, and no doubt the music of the good old tunes 'Arabia' and 'Lydia' still sung with much heartiness and enjoyment by many Halifax congregations, made up for the poetry which is somewhat of the thinnest.

The Jubilee Day was a high day. The chapel was called into requisition for the first part of the proceedings, at half-past ten in the morning, and there was an overflowing congregation; the Rev. James Pridie conducted the service, and the Sion girls were resplendent with pink favours. The following schools attended:—

Bramley Lane	26	teachers	45	scholars
Warley	37	,,	159	,,
Shelf	50	,,	113	,,
Stone Chair	34	,,	66	,,
Norwood Green	31	,,	113	,,
Northowram	57	,,	110	,,
Wheatley	54	,,	216	,,
Sion	100	,,	630	,,
	389		1452	
			389	
			1841	Total

The good folks sang Hymn 221, 'Lord! 'tis an infinite delight,' to the Common Metre Tune 'Mount Pleasant'; Hymn 24, 'Our Heavenly Father calls,' to 'Miles Lane'; and 144, 'When langour and disease invade,' to the tune 'Solemnity.' The hymns may be found by the curious in what John Moore, Sion's only precentor, was wont to call 't' select,' a compilation of Hymns by the Rev. Edward Parsons, made almost directly after he settled in Halifax as the first minister of Sion Chapel.

The list of Teachers seems more than sufficient for the number of Scholars. Were friends enrolled as Teachers, to enable them to go to the Piece Hall? Elderly people *have* marched in with the young children on subsequent occasions, to the dry comments of spectators, that they were strong infants. The player of a double bass got his little boy to the musicians' gallery by letting him bear up one end of the huge instrument.

A big tea meeting wound up the day; our Baptist friends joined with us, and their minister, the Rev. Mr. Whitewood, was chairman.

It is noteworthy that the teachers' meeting held September 5 to arrange all these exciting matters was troubled with doubts as to whether the Treasurer would advance money to purchase fifty new Bibles, because the funds were so low. The officers therefore were authorised to sell the old stock of Bibles in parts to the best advantage, and the proceeds were to help to buy the new ones!

The closing entries in the first minute book are interesting and pathetic, connecting as they do the school of the early church with our own times.

Great difficulty was experienced in 1832 in getting an Anniversary preacher. The Rev. J. Parsons, of York, could not come. Rev. John Ely, of Rochdale, also failed, as did the Rev. Mr. Roaf, of Wolverhampton. Eventually Mr. Pridie was requested to preach the sermons of the Sunday schools on the 6th May, somewhat late in the year.

James Ellis, Jonathan Smith, and S. Barraclough were appointed to select the Hymns and tunes for these services, and their choice was:—

MORNING SERVICE—

Hymn	98. S.M.	Tune Christianity.
,,	28. L.M.	,, Edwinston.
,,	35. C.M.	,, America.
,,	150. L.M.	,, New Jerusalem

EVENING SERVICE—

Hymn	49. C.M.	Tune	Winchester.
,,	86. D.C.M.	,,	Barnet.
,,	58. L.M.	,,	Solemnity.
,,	24. C.M.	,,	Miles Lane.

The Annual Meeting produced a small tempest in a teacup. One of the resolutions provided that there be a Teachers' Tea on Whit Monday as usual, and that the expense of the same be met by such of the Male Teachers as will join a guarantee, James Taylor to get signatures for it. Subsequently a letter was laid on the table addressed to the chairman stating that 'Some female teachers were averse to partake of the tea prepared for them on Whit-Monday unless they were permitted to bear a portion of the expense.'

'It was determined to embrace the suggestion contained in the letter, rather than any of the ladies should feel at all aggrieved. The letter was signed "A female Teacher."' Curious to relate, this form of the woman question occurred on later occasions and was always dealt with in the same manner.

Thus the first minute book of Sion Sunday school ends. It brings us down to names that are a connecting link between the early history of the church and school and these present days.

James Ellis, who died in 1867, was one of the superintendents, and had held office longer than any who had gone before.

Jonathan Smith, who died 1883, was intimately associated with the musical life of Sion, and by personal service and gifts contributed largely to it. When no longer able to take his place as a player in the musicians' gallery he left a visible reminder of his interest in the service of praise, in the organ that did duty for so many years at school and meeting, and only vanished to make room for the harmonium a few years ago. 'So the old order changeth, giving place to the new.'

'Honour to whom honour is due.' I knew a man, with a prosperous business, who suddenly failed, to my great surprise, and had to compound with his creditors. Though advanced in age he began afresh and himself worked long hours through six arduous years, until he had regained enough for his purpose, and then he invited his creditors to dinner, handed to each one the full amount in arrears and added the exact interest to date. That was more than honesty; that was Honour's Chivalry. Honour, you see, is more than law, or honesty, or duty.—*F. K. Freeston.*

MORE'S UTOPIA

JAMES A. WILKES

THERE is nothing more stimulating to a student of history than a careful examination of the literature of the period with which he is dealing. If the books are well selected, such a study will greatly assist him in the cultivation of that 'historical sense' without which all his efforts to understand the past will be futile. As Mr. Bryce reminds us, it is essential that the historian should never lose sight of the fact 'that men were very different formerly from what they are now, and that the world is constantly changing and developing.' With this principle to guide us we can make use of the most unpromising material, while the value of the real classic is greatly enhanced. In testing our theories, by the evidence and opinions of contemporary writers, we may hope to approach, if not to attain, that impartiality which is indispensable to those who would see things as they really are. Among the books that are especially valuable for illustrating the period in which they were produced, More's 'Utopia' holds a prominent place. Stopford Brooke did not overstate the case when he wrote, 'The "Utopia" of Sir Thomas More tells us more of the curiosity the new learning had awakened in England concerning all the problems of life, society, government, and religion, than any other book of the time.' Notwithstanding this, it is to be doubted whether the 'Utopia' is seriously read nowadays. Even among professed students it is often taken for granted, while the practical man is too busy to attend to the 'Utopian' schemes of a dreamer of the sixteenth century. If he thinks about the book at all, he probably regards it as being too far removed from actuality to possess any real value. It must be evident, however, that every Utopia is more than this. Every work of this kind from Plato's 'Republic' onward must of necessity bear some relation to the actual condition of things at the time in which it was written. We recognise this in Morris's 'News from Nowhere,' and given the correct atmosphere, the 'Utopia' should strike an equally responsive note.

More's life was not a long one, as we reckon age in these days. He was exe-

cuted at the age of fifty-seven. And yet what a marvellous change had taken place in that brief period. When he was born, the first book which Caxton turned out from the almonry at Westminster was only two years old: the year of his death witnessed the publication of Coverdale's version of the Bible. When young More was thirteen, Grocyn was entering upon his duties as the first professor of Greek at Oxford. A year later Columbus had arrived at the West Indies. The New Learning and the New World arrived together, and Luther's thunderbolt was not far behind. One of the 'Oxford reformers,' More was a keen student of the new learning, and soon made himself acquainted with the masterpieces of what is still in many respects the most wonderful literature of the world. While willing to incur the opprobrium of heresy in connection with his favourite studies, More was largely out of sympathy with the followers of Luther, and like his friends Colet and Erasmus, he clung to the old faith. The methods of the Protestant leaders were lacking in that sweet reasonableness to which More was accustomed in his favourite authors, and the attempt to turn the world upside down did not meet with his approval. It should, however, be remembered that he was one of the first Englishmen to advocate toleration in matters of religion. When quite a young man he had lectured on St. Augustine's 'City of God,' and Plato seems to have been his constant companion. It is not to be wondered at, therefore, that at the age of thirty-seven, he should make an attempt at constructing an ideal state.

As we have already indicated, the fantasies of the Utopia are not the most important feature of the book, even from the modern point of view. It is the insight which it affords into the actual England of the time, and the satire on the foibles and follies of its rulers, which chiefly arrest our attention.

In the time of Henry VIII the demand for English wool was so great that it was more profitable to breed sheep than to grow corn. This caused much distress among the peasantry, who were thrown out of employment. As More quaintly expresses it, 'The sheep, which are naturally mild and easily kept in order, may be said to devour men, and unpeople not only villages, but towns.' The increase of enclosures, and the consequent evictions of the tenantry, often brought about 'by trick or by main force,' was another crying evil of the time. It was owing to such conditions that the period was marked by the wholesale hanging of thieves, 'sometimes twenty on one gibbet.' More's plea for a more humane treatment of the criminal fell on deaf ears. It was not until the nineteenth century was fairly launched that the death sentence was reserved for the murderer and traitor. Even as late as 1832 a man was sentenced to death for stealing a letter containing bank-bills of the value of £67.

When we turn to his criticisms of the foreign policy of the time, we discover that More was 'a little Englander,' although he recognises that his views would meet with little sympathy in the court of King Henry VIII. As opposed to the continental intrigue of Wolsey, we find him advocating that the monarch 'should love his people and be beloved by them; that he should live among them, govern them gently, *and let other kingdoms alone.*' Elsewhere he makes some very pertinent remarks about the value of leagues and alliances between one nation and another. The Utopians, he tells us, had found out by experience that all such arrangements were useless, but they were surrounded by the savage tribes with which the new world was supposed to be peopled. In Europe it was different. 'We know,' he adds satirically, 'how religiously they (treaties) are observed, more particularly where the Christian doctrine is received, among whom they are sacred and inviolable.' The methods adopted by the Tudors for raising money do not escape his lash. The debasing of the currency, the raising of money for a war that was never waged, the revival of antiquated laws, and the appointing of subservient judges, are all familiar to the student of the period. No wonder that a book that dared to criticise such subjects should have been written in Latin, and printed in a foreign country. The first English Edition was not published until 1551, sixteen years after the author's execution.

Among the most interesting portions of the Utopia are those which reflect the personal character of the author, which has been so well drawn for us by Erasmus

in his letter to Von Hutten.[1] His contempt for money and fine clothing, his indifference to ceremony, and his great aversion to Court life, are all amply illustrated in the book. Concerning the excessive deference paid to people of rank and station, More has some very quaint remarks. 'It is a great folly,' he says, 'to be taken with outward marks of respect, which signify nothing, for what true or real pleasure can one man find in another's standing bare or making legs at him? Will the bending another man's knees give ease to yours? and will the head's being bare cure the madness of yours?' So far did the Utopians carry this notion that the only distinction shown to the Prince was that he was preceded by a person bearing a sheaf of corn in his hand. One wonders if George Fox ever read the 'Utopia.' If so, he would certainly have found much with which he would have been in agreement. The Utopians had even forestalled him in the use of leather for their work-aday clothing. Although a lawyer himself, More evidently had no great opinion of the legal fraternity. There were no lawyers in Utopia. There were, indeed, few laws, and such as they had were couched in language that all could understand. This is exactly in keeping with the letter of Erasmus already alluded to, where he tells us that notwithstanding his large practice as an advocate More often recommended his clients to settle their disputes out of court. He also set his face firmly against gambling in all its forms, and considered the time spent in such pastimes as tennis, football, and cards as wasted. The only games allowed in Utopia were of an intellectual order, such as chess, and a game illustrating a contest between the virtues and the vices. What he would have said of the thousands of people of the present day who find their chief amusement in watching other people play, one trembles to think. Such a stern moralist would find little favour nowadays, but he had his redeeming features. If Erasmus is to be relied upon (and he spent much time with him in his home at Chelsea), the sometime Lord Chancellor of England must have been well worth knowing. 'His talk is charming, full of fun, but never scurrilous or malicious. He has the quickest sense of the ridiculous of any man I ever met. He is fond of animals of all kinds, and likes to watch their habits. All the birds in Chelsea come to him to be fed. He has a menagerie of tame beasts, a monkey, a fox, a ferret, and a weasel. He has never made an enemy nor become an enemy. His whole house breathes happiness, and no one enters it who is not the better for his visit.' One would give much to have been included in the charmed circle. There are circumstances in More's career subsequent to the writing of the Utopia which are difficult to reconcile with his earlier dreams. We of course refer in particular to his keenness in scenting heretics. But his faults were those of his time. The tolerant and humanitarian spirit manifested in the Utopia could not thrive in an atmosphere charged with bigotry and hatred. At his best he is worthy to rank with the best men of his time, or of all time. Had he known Browning's 'Rabbi ben Ezra,' we can imagine him going to the scaffold re-echoing the well-known words—

> All I aspired to be,
> And was not, comforts me.

[1] Quoted in Froude's Life and Letters of Erasmus.

WILLIAM CAREY[1]

Some Lessons from his Life

W. H. CARPENTER

DR. CAREY once said to his nephew Eustace, 'If after my removal any one should think it worth his while to write my life I will give you a criterion by which you may judge its correctness. If he gives me credit for being a plodder he will describe me justly. Anything beyond this will be too much. I can plod. I can persevere in any definite pursuit. To this I owe everything.'

These were his characteristics—ardour, devotion, perseverance, not to be diverted or turned back by difficulties, disappointments, or doubters, and these qualities enabled him to do in Calcutta and from Serampore what Paul did in Antioch and Ephesus, Corinth, and Rome. England might send her energetic Clive, Warren Hastings, and Cornwallis, to erect the

[1] A general sketch of Carey's life appeared in the October issue. This article is compiled from the 'Life' by Dr. George Smith, published by John Murray, 1885–7.

material fabric of the Indian Empire, but it was only in the Providence of God that they might prepare for the poor village preacher to convert it into a spiritual force which should in time do for Asia what the Roman Empire had done for Europe.

Born in an obscure village in the dullest period of the dullest of all centuries, there was not much prospect for him beyond the labourer's five shillings per week and the workhouse in sickness or old age. But work in the fields was followed by agonies of pain when he had been exposed to the sun, and so he had to find work as apprentice to a shoemaker. Poverty compelled him to work with his hands all the week; his trade gave him opportunity for thought and culture; spare moments and coppers that were hardly spared at the expense of his stomach contributed to nurse the sacred fire that made him the first English missionary and the most learned scholar and Bible translator of his day in the East. Carlyle in 'Sartor Resartus' says of another but might have said of him: 'Sitting in his stall, working on tanned hides, amid pincers, paste-horns, rosin, swine-bristles, and a nameless flood of rubbish, this youth had nevertheless a Living Spirit belonging to him; also an antique Inspired Volume, through which, as through a window, it could look upwards and discern its celestial home.'

From an early age he had been accustomed to preach in village churches, and it was as a minister of one of these that he began to feel and urge the obligations of missionary work. Foreign missions represent a broadening in thought, for hitherto the 'heathen' had scarcely been considered as of the 'elect' by any possibility. It was uphill work to press the apostolic injunction 'to preach the Gospel to every creature' as a Christian duty, but it is to the credit of a small group of mostly country ministers and people in the Midlands that they were among the first to respond to the call, and Carey's own church willingly though sorrowfully let him go.

Carey had carefully planned out his schemes, as appears from his pamphlet, 'An Enquiry into the Obligations of Christians to use Means for the Conversion of the Heathens, in which the Religious State of the Different Nations of the World, the Success of Former Undertakings, and the Practicability of Further Undertakings are considered by Wm. Carey,' published with the aid of a friend in 1792, 'price 1/6,' the profits to go to the proposed mission.

'This Enquiry has a literary interest of its own, as a contribution to the statistics and geography of the world, written in a cultured and almost finished style, such as few, if any, University men of that day could have produced, for none were impelled by such a motive as Carey had. In an obscure village, toiling save when he slept, and finding rest on Sunday only by a change of toil, far from libraries and the society of men with more advantages than his own, this shoemaker, still under thirty, surveys the whole world, continent by continent, island by island, race by race, faith by faith, kingdom by kingdom, tabulating his results with an accuracy and following them up with a logical power of generalisation which would extort the admiration of the learned even of the present day.'

He thus concludes this pamphlet: 'It is true all the reward is of mere grace, but it is nevertheless encouraging; what a treasure, what a harvest must await such characters as Paul and Eliot and Brainerd and others who have given themselves wholly to the work of the Lord. Surely a crown of rejoicing like this is worth aspiring to. Surely it is worth while to lay ourselves out with all our might in promoting the cause and kingdom of Christ.'

Carey's idea, set forth in the 'Enquiry,' and put into practice when they settled down in Bengal, was that a party of missionaries once established should be self-supporting and so set free the funds for work elsewhere. They took an opportunity which presented itself of joining an indigo-planter, and as soon as the arrangement was complete he wrote: 'I am resolved to write to the Society that my circumstances are such that I do not need future help from them, and to devote a sum monthly for the printing of the Bengali Bible.'

He hoped they would soon be able to send another mission elsewhere—to Sumatra or some of the Indian islands. From the first he gave from one-fourth to one-third of his little income to his own mission.

Personally Carey had more than the usual qualifications of a successful planter

—scientific knowledge, scrupulous conscientiousness and industry, and familiarity with the native character, as soon as he acquired the special experience necessary for superintending the manufacture. That experience he spared no effort to gain at once.

On the voyage out he had set himself to the study of the Bengali language, and could soon preach and reason in that tongue. This accomplished he proceeded with the translation of the Bible, but found that a knowledge of Sanskrit—the original and classical language of which Bengali is an offshoot—was necessary. By April, 1796, he had read a considerable part of the Mahabarata, one of the great Vedic Epics. He wrote: 'I am learning the Sanskrit language which, with only the helps to be procured here, is perhaps the hardest language in the world. To accomplish this I have nearly translated the Sanskrit grammar and dictionary into English, and have made considerable progress in compiling a dictionary, Sanskrit (including Bengali) and English.'

On 24th June, 1809, Carey announced at the dinner table that he had that morning finished the Bengali translation of the whole Bible, and he was asked how much more he thought of doing. He answered, 'The work I have allotted to myself in translating will take me about twenty years.'

The translation completed, how was the printing to be done? Carey wrote home on the matter, but seeing a wooden press advertised for sale in Calcutta he bought it for £40. When it arrived and its working was explained to the natives they thought his delighted enthusiasm was the worship of some idol.

It took fourteen months for the first letters from Carey to be received in England, and these contained only partial news of the adventurers. But a great interest in missionary enterprise at once arose among the principal denominations, and a party which included Joshua Marshman and William Ward the printer, was soon on its way. The East India Company refused them permission to join Carey as missionaries, so in the year 1800 he joined them at the Danish settlement of Serampore where they had landed.

'Thus step by step by a way that he knew not, the shoemaker lad, who had educated himself to carry the Gospel to Tahiti, had been sent to Bengal in spite of the Company which cast him out of their ship, had starved in Calcutta, had become indigo planter in the swamps of Dinjapore that he might preach Christ without interference, was driven to begin anew under the care of a foreign power.' And if the arrival of the second party had been delayed but a little, even Serampore would have been shut to them, for in the course of the Napoleonic wars then raging Serampore was shortly afterwards occupied by British troops. But Carey was by that time established in the place, and there he spent the rest of his life, established the College which still flourishes, and saw his movement spread throughout India. He had even turned his thoughts to Thibet!

On his first arrival he had written home to the Society: 'I hope the Society will go on and increase, and that the multitudes of heathen in the world may hear the glorious words of truth. Africa is but a little way from England; Madagascar but a little way further; South America and all the numerous and large islands in the Indian and Chinese seas, I hope will not be passed over.'

Of childlike humility, his guiding principles were contained in the sermon preached by him in 1792, which resulted in the formation of the first Missionary Society:

EXPECT GREAT THINGS FROM GOD.
ATTEMPT GREAT THINGS FOR GOD.

REVEILLE

WALTER M. LONG

Awaken, men of England,
And cast your eyes around,
Laws that are false enslave you,
And chain you to the ground.
Arise! O men of England,
And break the cruel chain
That binds your sons and daughters
In poverty and pain.

Awaken, men of England,
And rise in love and might,
For ye shall be victorious
In battle for the right;
Arise! march bravely forward!
Our God has heard the cry
Of all the outcast children
Who faint and fall and die.

For lo! the clouds are lifting,
The clouds of doubt and fear,
Behold, the dawn is breaking,
And the great day is near,
When man shall love his brother
With heart so pure and true,
And the whole world shall brighten,
If we our love renew.

THE RANGE OF SUNDAY SCHOOL TEACHING

DOROTHY TARRANT, M.A.

WHAT shall we teach? The question can hardly be called a new one or a neglected one; the desire to answer it and its supplement—'and how?' has created in our time a whole body of special literature, to which every season makes large additions. The subject would almost seem to be a little outworn. Yet suppose we convey ourselves, for a short time, back to the starting-point, and just consider the matter from its root-principles as if it were really our first meeting with the question. What *shall* we teach—and why?

Probably some, if not many, of our 'orthodox' fellow-teachers would still be seriously alarmed at the very idea of a fresh inquiry on this point. They would reject the mere suggestion that one may go beyond Bible and catechism for useful and helpful Sunday school lessons, and that the world in general may give us not only illustrations to Bible texts, but subjects which in themselves and for their own sakes are as worthy as any we can find in the pages of the old Book. But among our own schools, at least, it is safe to suppose that no teacher is any longer in this cribbed, cabined, and confined position; and there is no need to discuss it further. Certainly not the Bible *alone* is to provide our range.

But, if our inner boundary should be at least wider than the Scriptures, what is our outer line to be? Here surely many teachers, if not all, find themselves perplexed now and then. Once leave the old limits and step out into a wider world, and it is hard to see where to stop, if a stop be indeed necessary. Sunday school teaching seems to be in this respect rather like Sunday observance in general—a matter beset with prejudices, and regulated in the long run by what we illogically accept as our 'feelings'—tendencies fostered by our upbringing and companionship and all kinds of other influences. Believing as we do—or, with more or less sincerity, say that we do—that all nature and all human life is beset behind and before by the Divine, and there is nothing in itself common or unclean, are we prepared or not to throw open our Sunday half-hour to *anything* that we think may be profitable for our scholars' use? And, assuming any degree at all of this freedom of choice, what sort of grading in merit, if any, are we to set up for the different subjects open to us?

The answers to these questions seem to involve our whole theory of the Sunday school teacher's work. That work is, we may say in brief, to help the scholars towards realising better the true nature of the world about them and the higher faculties of their own selves, and so towards playing a more worthy part in life. That is a somewhat prosaic statement of a sublime task, but let it stand, for the present. Exactly how we describe all this order of the outer world, and this higher life of the individual, will depend very largely on our own particular standpoint. Some teachers in our schools will frankly prefer to keep to the 'scientific' and 'ethical' position, and to avoid the question (perhaps not yet clearly answered for themselves) of personal relationship to a personal Deity. Most will try to express to the children the laws of nature and the claim of the highest in terms of the will of a wise and loving Father—because they have so felt it for themselves. Many will add to this simple theism the appeal of Christianity, through allegiance to the Hero of heroes, their Master—again because his call has supplied the motive in their own lives. In general, and thanks to the wholesome freedom of our special atmosphere of faith, we do find ourselves teaching in the terms of our particular type of belief. But the point I wish to make is this—that, under whatever guise we offer it, the substance of our message for the children is the call to realise the beauty and wonder of the world about them, and the beauty and wonder latent in their own lives—waiting for a chance to grow into fulfilment. It is a revelation that we want to give them; or hardly even that, but rather 'a turning of the eye of the soul,' as Plato describes all true education—the mere direction of those faculties which they all possess, of admiration and imitation, towards objects which shall be really worthy of them. For they needs must love the highest when they see it, but we must help them to the sight of it.

Now I submit that if our work can be reduced to these terms, and can be called in general the wider and clearer opening of

our children's eyes, its materials and its sphere should be in *no* way essentially different from those of week-day teaching. The very thing against which we should seek to guard their minds, and our own, is the notion of a boundary-line between sacred and profane. The Sunday school lesson must never be 'a little garden walled around' for the cultivation of particular and exotic species, but rather a vantage-ground from which all the beauties of all the fields of earth can be more clearly seen and more fully enjoyed. It is surely a great disservice that we do our scholars if we allow them to suppose that, in any sense, the lessons and work of the other six days are not merely second-best, but actually of a different fabric from the Sunday material. It may be well to explain here that the last thing I would support would be any levelling-down of Sunday to the scale of the rest of the week. Different let the day always be, and different its lessons; but the difference should be one of degree and emphasis, not of kind. Only so can we approach to the ideal of levelling-*up* the week of work nearer to the standard of Sunday thoughts. In fact, the work of our Sunday schools, as free, progressive religious institutions, is the same as that work which our churches are more and more recognising—the transfiguration of *all* life in the light of God's purposes, and the spreading of the best tidings of all—

> That all of good the past has had
> Remains to make our own time glad,
> *Our common daily life divine,*
> And every land a Palestine.

If the preacher does a divine work, when he brings this truth home at last to men and women, who have looked for years upon the world with dull and unseeing eyes, the teacher may claim a no less privileged task when he tries to help the *young* eyes, in their first view of the great wonderful world, to mark from the beginning 'the glory of the sum of things.' The habit of 'noticing,' once formed in childhood, will stay with these scholars all their lives; what we teachers have to do is to put them in the way of noticing all the fine and beautiful elements in *life as they meet it* —'our common daily life.' We want them to realise that

> Earth's crammed with heaven,
> And every common bush afire with God;

and not only the bush and flower, but the daily work, the school lesson, the ordinary people around them, and their own selves within. The teacher will, in fact, aim to lead the child in the fullest sense through Nature up to Nature's God, where 'Nature' means simply this visible and tangible world and all that it contains. It is a task sufficiently large; but is it not really what we are all trying to do?

With this view of our work, I would urge again that in point of fact *every* subject we can take up is capable of helping us in our great aim; and, further, that in practice we shall be wise to take, and use to the full, whatever aspect of the world will help the child most, or has helped ourselves most, to realise its high meanings. For instance, there would seem to be no reason why any one of the arts and crafts should not come into our view for this purpose, with their lessons of the possibilities lying in rough material and of the marvellous skill of man's trained hand and brain; or any form whatever of concerted work, or play, to bring out the power of united action and the inspiration of fellowship; or again—in discreet moderation, of course—the actual school lessons of the week, to tell of the wonderful gifts of language, the march of history, the storehouses of the globe opening for man's use, and, perhaps most suggestive of all, the vast 'laws which never shall be broken' embodied in all their purity in mathematics. With very little children we do realise, as a rule, the necessity of leading to the unknown by way of the known, and of limiting our excursions even so; but sometimes in the case of older classes the fear of 'talking shop' (be it his own 'shop' or the scholar's) may tend to restrain the teacher from giving some of the clearest and finest demonstrations of the Divine law and will that he has in his power to offer. From our own personal standpoint we know, all of us, that our week-day work largely makes us what we are, moulding our thinking and our conduct alike; and it is only here, in what we *are*, that we can really help our scholars. If we want them to recognise the grandeur of the world, or the high claims of duty, may we not reasonably hope to bring these things home most effectively under the aspects in which they have appealed to *us*? If daily work fails—though it should never

entirely fail—to provide us with materials, we might at least make use of our recreations; our favourite amusement or hobby, if it be worth having and acknowledging, will also give us something worth teaching. No doubt we all use the materials at hand, sometimes, by way of illustration; no doubt also that we might use them far more, and might further do well to venture on such 'week-day' subjects for the very kernel of our lessons.

It is not possible to offer here more than these few suggestions of a wider range of subjects for our lessons; but it may be worth while to urge at the same time the freest possible search for example and illustration—a search ranging over the whole field of nature, art, and human life, as far as ever we can reach. The claims of the 'nature' lesson and the nature illustration are very generally recognised, and for that reason, and that alone, they may be passed over here, with thankfulness that this wisest and best of teachers is being at last admitted to help us as she ought. But, apart from the 'nature' field, one does need to remind oneself now and then of the unexplored territories waiting for us, and, even oftener, of the unvisited regions of the domain that has, once on a time, been made our own. Whatever appeals to us, let us fearlessly use for our lessons—that is a commonplace that may yet bear repeating.

As an example of both principles, the appeal to week-day subjects and the enlarging of the field of illustration for any given subject, let me refer personally to the value of what happens to be 'shop' to myself and may be more or less untried material to some other teachers. I mean the great world of the Classics—the stories and legends, the history and life and art of the Greeks and Romans; and, personally again, I would place the Greeks the higher for our special purposes. The study of these subjects, and even more the attempt to teach them as week-day work, not only means a particular outlook and tendency of one's own thought (as without doubt it does), but also provides a quite surprising number of lessons and illustrations ready to hand for Sunday afternoons—material suitable even for a class of little infants, and store in plenty for bringing home any point to older scholars. And a quite comparable field, for all their differences, lies before the teacher of any subject miscalled 'secular,' the worker in any art or craft or business, and the lover of any recreation. Those, again, who wish for fresh and untried illustrations of the beauty of the world, the powers of man, the love of freedom. comradeship and self-sacrifice, or stern retribution for wrong, may do far worse than look to the ancient world now thrown open by many translations and collections of legend and myth and drama, by readable histories, and by museums in our midst which only wait for appreciative visitors. You will not find a complete treasury of Sunday school lessons in the classics, any more than in any other restricted sphere; but as priceless parts of the world's real history they ought to have a higher place in our eyes. They are coming gradually to their own in the day schools and other fields of education, and we ought to be using them too.

It may well be asked what place, among all these suggested possibilities, the older-established Sunday subjects should take — and especially, of course, the Bible. There is also the question of 'definite doctrinal teaching'—that happy haven of some teachers, and that nightmare to others, in our Sunday schools to-day. It may be pointed out first, in reply, that the widening of our range does not by any means imply that we must or shall stay always near the outer boundaries; we may travel far afield, but certainly we shall sometimes remain near home, if we have a traditional 'home' in this sense. Surely we must come back to the same standard here as in testing our other subjects;—if the Bible, and the details of our faith on its formulated side, mean much to *ourselves*, let us by all means offer them to our scholars; and if we feel within us that they ought to mean more than at present they do, let us see to that also, and then, being more ready, try to teach them. But, with all reverence for great and unique institutions, I believe we still need, sometimes, to remember that the Bible is not the only book of revelation, and the creed even of our free church not the only guide to a life of love and service. Every now and then some of our workers and leaders deplore the 'tendency to ignore the Bible' in our schools at present; too often they seem to suggest at the same time a narrow and cramping view of our work. None of us

ought to want to *ignore* the Bible; how can we, if we would? Even if we were to let much of the Old Testament go, would one of us for a moment give up the New? So long as we take upon ourselves the name of Christians, and point ourselves and our scholars to the great Example, the most precious part of the Bible is safe in our hands. But to claim for the Bible, as such, a place so dominant in our schools as almost to exclude the great world outside its pages, and almost to refuse the title of 'religious' to a lesson which stands without it, is to call forth the reply that a Bible lesson *may* be the most non-religious, and a non-Bible lesson the most religious, anywhere conceivable. Here, as elsewhere, surely everything depends on the attitude taken up; and Bible material helps us, and takes its fit and due place in our teaching, when it is sifted according to its value for our real purpose—the uplifting and ennobling of the child's idea of *all* life. Let us take what we find valuable in it, but never *because* it is there, and pass over what is beside our point, even though it bear the stamp of Scripture. But above all let us not try to set back the clock, or to check our inevitable progress towards a Christianity which, in the spirit of its Founder, shall be as wide and deep as life itself.

It seems to me that, the broader the view we take of the scope and possibilities of our teaching, the more, and not the less, profoundly shall we feel what we have taken upon ourselves to do. To expound a passage of Scripture, or an article of doctrine as such, may even in the most limited view be a good work in its place. But to open the eyes of a human soul 'to see within the common the divine,' and to know the beauty and wonder and infinite value of life, and its own immeasurable powers,—and best of all, to help another life through the sacraments of daily experience into warm, living touch with the Father of all earth's little children, who is verily 'closer than breathing, nearer than hands and feet,'—this is a task to make us hesitate at first for very fear, and then, for the sake of those who need our message, answer from our hearts, 'Here am I; send me.'

Never promise more than you can fulfil.—*Publius Syrus.*

NOTES FOR TEACHERS

XLIX—LXIV

XLIX.—God's Constancy

ARTHUR BROOKE

January 5th.—Psalm 65.

A Happy New Year to everybody! That is a constant wish on this Sunday. For five or six days it has been heard in the streets and workshops and offices; we shall not hear so much of it by next Sunday, but it will be the quiet wish of everybody until the year is done.

Read Psalm 65. Ask for the references to constancy in verses 9 to 13 which present a panorama of the year. Ask for instances of constancy which scholars have themselves noted in their own experience—morning, noon, night; the days of the week; the seasons of the year; and ask for one or more hymns relating to this constancy, regularity, e.g., 'When Spring unlocks the flowers.' Now turn their thoughts to the constancy of things for which man and society are responsible—the morning and evening newspapers; the signal for beginning work, bell, whistle, buzzer; meals, the supply of food, the readiness of teachers with their lessons in day and Sunday school, and so on. All these illustrations point to a good deal of thought and care being given that our lives may run smoothly, even if *we* do not give much thought to these things. The society in which we find ourselves depends upon the constancy of every member of it both in work and in all kinds of recreation; a football team will never win a match if the members of it do not feel confident that their efforts to win will be backed up by all the other players.

What does constancy mean? Regularity, faithfulness. In men it shows there is something on which we can rely, that they will do their part if we do ours.

But God's constancy! Verse 5 says, 'Thou art the confidence of all the ends of the earth; and of them that are afar off upon the sea.' We know this even better than the Psalmist did for we know a bigger world than he did. We know the same stars that he did, but we also know the stars of the southern hemisphere, and the same law governs all alike. God speaks to us in outward nature, and something of

his great constancy in outward nature is being felt more and more in the responsible dealings of men with men. The same principle is in all hearts ; all men are brothers ; God is the Father of all. It is the knowledge of this that has made the saints and martyrs and saviours of the world. It has made men risk their lives in search of knowledge which they could put at the service of their brethren, e.g., those who have died because of their experiments with X-rays. It has led to missionaries risking death in order to bring those who knew nothing of it into the fold of Christianity. It made a man like John Howard visit all the prisons in England, and many on the continent, in order to secure the humane treatment of prisoners.

These men found their own joy in life increase as they tried to secure to all sorts and conditions of men a fair chance to live a good life. We do not know all there is to be learned about God, but those who believe in his constancy in outward nature and human nature are the ones to add to our knowledge of him. Will you try to find out something about him this year, and tell what you have learned ? By your faithfulness you shall become revealers of God to man. Now read the psalm again, and with it read Matthew 6^{19-34}.

L.—The Signs of the Times

January 12th.—Matthew 16^{1-12}.

This section shows the importance of teaching. Jesus claimed to be a teacher, and those who were interested in him wished him to prove his right and power to teach : they asked for a sign.

Do we use signs ? If you write a letter and put your name to it—your signature—it is a sign that you stand by what you have written. We have street signs and sign posts ; the lawyer, the doctor, the chemist have their signs ; what for ? The conductor of a chorus gives a sign for them to make ready and begin ; the signalman on the railway has to look after ' signs '—what for ? what are they like ?

The Jews believed that every teacher could give a sign that would show him to be what he professed. Elijah, the great prophet, is reported to have given a sign from heaven in his contest with the priests of Baal—read 1 Kings 18^{22-46}. That was called a miracle, and miracles were of old regarded as proofs of the genuineness of a teacher. The Jews expected Jesus to show a ' sign.' But Jesus refused to make miracles the sign of the truth of his teaching. (The teacher should look up in the library Mr. Solly's book on Mark, pp. 92–3.)

' The sign of Jonah.' Every scholar will know a little about Jonah. Find out how much, then ask what is the point of the story ? Some one may know that Jonah was told to do something that he preferred not to do, how he tried to get out of doing it, what happened to him, and how, after all, he went to do God's bidding. Jonah was slow to heed the divine command, to perceive that his own prejudice must not stand in the way of obedience.

Who were the ' Jonahs ' with whom Jesus had to deal ? Answer, the Pharisees and the Sadducees. And who were these people ? (Teachers must consult ' Life in Palestine when Jesus Lived, pp. 135–144 ; they will then have something to talk about in addition to these notes. The book should be in the school library.) The Pharisees and Sadducees never understood Jesus, and never admitted that he had anything to teach. Jesus lived his life and did his work in their midst, but they never learnt anything from him. His work was spiritual ; he admitted that he considered himself the Messiah ; but while he wrought for the coming of the Kingdom of God upon earth, they only looked for the establishment of a Hebrew kingdom. They could not discern the signs of the times. They were behind the times !

Jesus was the greatest sign of the times. He lived and died for an idea ; but he was not understood. Did the English understand Joan of Arc and her work for France ? Did the Italians understand Mazzini and his work for Italy ? These stories should be looked out. Useful illustrations would also be found in George Washington, and Toussaint l'Ouverture. But Washington won. In these days men are working in every country for the advancement of the common people. They are often denounced for the selfishness of their purposes whereas they are inspired by anything but selfishness : they wish to see the chances of development and progress open to all sorts and conditions, and not preserved as the privilege of any one class. They are misunderstood. They preach good tidings to the poor and, like the Master, they get into

trouble. But they will keep on. Their principle is expressed in Mr. Hosmer's lines—

O beautiful, my country!
Be thine a nobler care
Than all thy wealth of commerce,
Thy harvests waving fair;
Be it thy pride to foster
The manhood of the poor;
Be thou to those in bondage
Fair freedom's open door.

Boys and girls should be shewn that some of the most striking signs of the times are to be observed at home in the devotion of parents to their children. These parents of ours are often among the best heroes the world possesses. Hear what August Bebel, one of the outstanding characters of Germany to-day, says of his mother (his father died of consumption when Bebel was a boy of four): 'What sacrifices a mother will make for her children I learned from my own mother. For a time she sewed white military gloves for her brother-in-law, a glove-maker, at the rate of about twopence the pair. She could not finish more than one pair a day—not enough to live on, yet too much to die on; but even this work she had to give up after two years, for she, too, in the meantime, had contracted consumption, which in her last years made any and every work impossible.'

Joan of Arc, Mazzini, Washington, Toussaint, all gave their best for the sake of nationality; Jesus gave his best for humanity. Those who are animated by great ideas may seem to fail, but their work wins in the end. Those who cannot discern the signs of the times are animated by small ideas, and are remembered only because they contended with the men who dreamed great things and tried to bring them to pass.

LI.—True Sacrifice

January 19th.—Isaiah 1^{10-17}.

Get out your Bibles. This is a good lesson for 'finding places.' Read the section: tell, briefly, what it is about. Who was Isaiah? When did he live? Where? Under what kings?

Isaiah was probably born in Jerusalem, and in that city his main work was done. His consecration is described in chapter 6; turn to that chapter and note especially verse 8: 'And I heard the voice of the Lord, saying, Whom shall I send, and who will go for us? Then I said, Here am I; send me.'

From the year 740 B.C., 'the year that king Uzziah died,' until 701 B.C. he was a prophet, and it is worth while remembering that during his active lifetime the foundations of Rome were being laid. He had two sons, Shear-jashub and Maher-shalal-hash-baz, and he seems to have had good means of getting to know what was going on at court (see chapter 7).

What is a prophet? Not so much one who predicts as one who interprets the signs of the times. A prophet may foretell, sometimes; usually he *forth*tells, proclaims what, in his judgment, will be the outcome of present facts and tendencies: he speaks with human insight and understanding (read chapter 8^{1}). In order to learn what was going on in Judah during these four reigns the teacher should carefully read what Mr. Weatherall says in his *Books of the Old Testament*, pp. 136–8; it will there be seen how the best men of Judah were hoping for better days for their country and that they had to face trouble at home and abroad. Isaiah is sure that if his fellow citizens will mend themselves, be pure and just, they will be able to do more than withstand the assaults of enemies from without. He talks about sacrifices.

Sacrifices are condemned; read vv. 10–15. What does sacrifice mean? It means 'to make sacred'; when a thing is sacrificed, it is set apart for God. Cain and Abel made sacrifices; see Genesis 4^{3-4}, 'and the Lord had respect unto Abel and to his offering.' Abraham, Genesis 22^{1-19}, was ready to offer up his son Isaac as a sacrifice; why? Then, Genesis 28^{20-22}, Jacob suggested that he would make a sacrifice of a tenth of all he obtained *if* God would do certain things! Instead of an offering, he wants to make a bargain with God, to persuade God to do as he wished!

Now return to Isaiah: the important people were trying to go further and persuade God not to condemn what they had done, but to favour what they might do in the future. Isaiah was indignant; 'your sacrifices are no good if you yourselves are not pure and true.' Fancy how shocked at his impertinence the important people would be, but Isaiah stuck to his point: he was a hero of faith. His contention was that the basis of all dealings

between men and God, men and men, was just this—fairness in word and action, doing as you would be done by.

This can be illustrated to-day by talks about the relationship of master and workman, by looking up Bishop Colenso (Essex Hall, 6d.) and his love of the natives (see pp. 118 ff.), and the story of William Penn and the Indians. In our own day Sir Harry Johnston has pointed out that the negro will give as much work as a white man for a white man's wages. Be straight, that is the point.

But, sacrifice? Can it be sacrifice to do the right thing? It would have been sacrifice on the part of Isaiah to keep silent and so give silent approval to the iniquities of men who did wrong and tried to cover it up by sacrificing bullocks and lambs and he-goats!

LII.—Seek ye the Lord

January 26th.—Isaiah 55.

Reading this chapter is a good introduction to the subject of the private devotional life of scholars. It is not written by the same author as that which gave us our lesson last week, but both writers are at one as to the importance of being straight and true. Both require of those whom they can influence honest dealing, and this principle underlies all happy religious and social life.

Now, teacher, speak of these things, speak of the private life of scholars, and of the importance of the thought of God in the midst of everyday concerns. Be as practical as the prophet, and as courageous; your scholars will like you all the better for it. But do not be surprised if you don't get them to talk much on the subject; it is even harder for them to talk about the religious life than it is for you, and they may get more quickly out of their depth than you. Here are some hints which will help you to introduce the subject.

Verse 6; what is the meaning of 'while he may be found'? To me it means 'while *you* may find him,' i.e., while you are alive. The Old Testament and the New are very simple in what they have to say about man and God; young and old, working side by side and trying to get all the good they can out of life, are constantly reminded of the God who is near, the God of the living. This Isaiah knows there are some people who will feel that they do not know what he means; and whether he means them! So he attacks: 'let the wicked forsake his way, and the unrighteous man his thoughts, and let him return unto the Lord,' and that is enough to be going on with.

The constant companion is God. He is there always. Man's natural place is with God, on earth.

This life is not a portion of time during which man is shut off from God; if there is any separation it is due to dishonesty, lying, cheating, unclean living and thinking, meanness, saving your own at somebody else's expense. Let the 'wicked' forsake these: he will enter a new world. It may be a hard one to work in, at first; but the tone of one's companions will change as a set is made against bad language, nasty stories, malice, envy, hatred, and the like.

But your scholars are not wicked! No; but they may have temptations to withstand. In some companies it may be 'the thing' to put money on horses—in the hope of getting something for nothing. In others it may be the custom to brag about the evil deeds that shall be done. Be like the prophet and attack these, just as you attack the unworthiness that will allow youth or maiden to neglect a duty for the sake of personal ease. This sort of thing leads to men trying to shut themselves off from God; they know he desires righteousness and truth. Read what Paul wrote to the Ephesians, chapter 4^{25-32}. And again to the Philippians, chapter 4^{8-9}. This is 'seeking the Lord'; this is 'drawing nigh to God.'

There is in addition the way of prayer. Prayer precedes and succeeds effort; and prayer always makes way for the good that is in us to come out. Jesus never fully revealed the mystery of his own life, and the world is busy trying to find out his wonderful secret, and to measure its own will and power in consequence. The men and women who have moved the world of man cannot tell us how they did it; but they do give hints; and we try to follow them. But each has to make the effort and the discovery for himself. And each finds the great patience and understanding of God who helps those who would help themselves to become gracious and sweet and true.

LIII.—The Way of Holiness

February 2nd.—Isaiah 35.

This is a third excellent chapter from Isaiah. The memory of it will be a help to generations yet to come. Get it into your minds.

The striking phrase is found in the middle of verse 8. What a dream it is. Our idea of a highway is that all may use it without fear or favour. British enterprise in foreign countries always includes the making of roads; the expansion of the Roman Empire can be traced to-day by the roads that were made. Have you a Roman road in your neighbourhood? Have you been to look at it? Why not go some Saturday afternoon?

When men and nations are at war with each other, highways and railroads are often cut so as to cause as much trouble as possible. Give instances from your own reading; bridges are blown up, barriers are thrown across rivers. The value of a road is shewn by the haste there is to get possession of it in war time. The making of a road, the building of a bridge has been the means of bringing people who lived quite near to each other into personal contact; antagonism, hatred, suspicion have thereby been removed and peaceful relations have taken the place of hostile. We can enter into the spirit of the writer who sees the distress of the exiles relieved, and all returning to the home land; it will be a way of holiness, for, after their experiences, they will indeed be careful to have nothing more to do with the policies which have plunged them into disaster.

What highway do you know? What is it called? Whither does it lead? Is it a way of holiness? Is there nothing to disfigure it? no obscene writing upon any part of it? no horrid advertisements? no drunken men ever to be found in it? no offences against the public peace? If there are none of these things, then all who use that road must be concerned to respect the rights and feelings of others. If there are, then some of those who use it have a crick in their character. That horse trough is a sign of humane thought for beasts of burden. The names of the streets running out of it are put up for everybody's convenience; and the numbers on the doors. The lamps in the street, the gullies, the tram lines, the footpaths and the well made cart track, all are evidence of the common thought for each and all. It is good to recognise what these things mean; and a fine thing if in the crowded promenade there is never heard any foul language from anybody. Each householder is expected to keep that part of the pavement in front of his own home clean, clear of snow, of rubbish. How nice if he keeps his bit of garden bright and trim, and what a difference to the beauty of the town or village it makes.

What can you do towards making your street a way of holiness? You can always behave yourself, never deface anything you see in it. You can help to take care of all things beautiful—and there is need of your care. Scholars would all be interested to hear what is set out at length in *The World's Work* for November last about the efforts of Mrs. Higgs for a 'Beautiful Oldham.' She seems to have had splendid help from two other ladies to judge by the article: their names are worth remembering—Mrs. Charles Lees and Miss Marjory Lees. The vision of 'The Way' need not be left to the ancient prophet!

LIV.—The Law in the Heart

February 9th.—Jeremiah 31^{31-4}.

Jeremiah is often thought of as a gloomy prophet—what is a prophet? When the Right Honourable John Burns was in prison some twenty years ago he had a good deal of time on his hands. He read his Bible and was well occupied. He found it had been used before, and one reader had written the words 'Cheer up Jeremiah.' Obviously that inscription would not be found opposite this portion, which is anything but gloomy.

How do we judge of a man or woman, a boy or girl? By what they do, and say, and look; but we cannot tell all their thoughts. We can tell some of their thoughts by their speech and words and looks, but not all their thoughts. You may wonder why looks are mentioned, but a private soldier would understand especially if he remembered anyone being punished for 'insubordinate looks.' There is a saying you know—'If looks could kill . . . !' But thought is our own as much as anything can be. Utter a thought, and it goes from you for ever: you might

get out of the Free Library 'The Autobiography of a Slander'; that would show just what is meant.

'I will put my law in their inward parts, and in their heart will I write it' signifies the prophet's conviction that all people will one day be able to 'do of themselves that which is right.' The day has not yet come. Very many people could say if they would—

A little kingdom I possess
Where thoughts and feelings dwell;
And very hard I find the task
Of governing it well.

Until the day does come we shall all have to go on helping each other as gently and as patiently as we can. But the ideal is worth working for; we can be God's helpers here.

God is just: he treats all alike: his charity is over all. Environment does not exclude from the love of God. The world's benefactors are not to be found only amongst those who have been well-to-do all their lives; some of the greatest heroes and noblest spirits have been reared in any but pleasant surroundings. What does this point to but the fact that the Lord is writing his law in man's heart? Now, whatever the prophet may have thought about it, the Lord will write his law in every heart? You can hinder him doing it in your heart but you cannot stop him. He may find you obstinate; you may pretend that you will not try to get an advantage in godliness over your friends. Better try to keep up with them in godliness.

Teachers have to impress, ever so gently, the importance of the ideal, encourage their scholars to give heed to their good impulses and noble promptings. A policeman made friends with a boy whose father had been locked up for drunkenness. He helped the lad to earn money and encouraged him to go to school regularly. The lad liked drawing: 'Keep it up,' said the policeman, and when the time came for the lad to leave school, he spoke to the manager of a manufacturing jewellery establishment about him. That boy became an expert engraver. He might have been a ne'erdoweel but for the friendliness of the policeman. The latter found out the 'law in the heart' and helped to bring out the good in him. This is what we may all do for each other, in part at least. The law is there, but it may not be very clearly written: we can help each other to read the writing. Big boys can help little boys; big girls, little girls. It is worth while.

LV.—Man's Whole Duty

February 16th.—Ecclesiastes 12^{13-14}.

This is a very brief summing up of the law. Contrast with it the summary of Jesus—Mark 12^{28-31}—and that of Paul, 'Thou shalt love thy neighbour as thyself,' Galatians 5^{14}.

Now read in full Exodus 20^{2-17}. Then the *teacher* should read selections from Leviticus 19, vv. 9–18, 31–37, and 25, v. 23. There are sections in the nineteenth chapter that it will not do young scholars any good to read; hence the teacher alone should read the sections named.

These provisions of the law, these commandments shew that many good men have found reason for trying to help their brethren to live a good life. If the class is asked how they fit in with the Golden Rule which is at the basis of all orderly social relationship, these topics may be discussed: honour to parents; murder; adultery (in an older class); theft; false witness; covetousness; leaving a little in the corners of field and vineyard for the poor and stranger; wages; putting a stumbling block in the way of the blind; respect of persons; vengeance; selling the land for ever. It will be strange if the class will not talk with such up-to-date subjects before them.

Point out that these matters are nearly all regarded as important in our country, and bring home their importance to each member of the class.

The moral law must have our assent or else there will be chaos, and none will know how he stands to his neighbour.

Should we now say 'Fear God'; should we not rather say 'Love God and keep his commandments'? It seems as though people and nations forget. How do we reconcile the idea of war with love? What a dreadful state of affairs there has been recently in Eastern Europe! But would there have been any need of this war if the Great Powers had done their duty according to their promises made at Berlin? See *History of Our Time*, pp. 121–131, in the Home University Library. There is always loss and trouble when nations fail

to keep their word. It is so with men, too. Let all stand by the Golden Rule and the things which the Hebrews denounced will not need to be denounced in our time.

The thought of God who is everywhere should be a help to every one to do what is right. He requires our best; if we forget him we are in danger in the presence of temptation. Remembering him, temptation can be put aside, and, simply, faithfully, cheerfully, we can do our duty without fear or favour. The thought of God gives a new view of life, larger purposes, greater powers,

Prayer.—Let me do cheerfully this day whatever work falleth to me. Let me do all thoroughly and in love. Grant me thus thy strength and blessing. Amen.

LVI.—Deeds not Words

February 23rd.—Matthew 21[23-32].

Public teachers and workers often have enemies; they cannot always tell why, but the enemies are there. Jesus found it so. We can scarcely see why he should, for we have such respect for the motives of Jesus, but it was not thus with all the people who knew him personally. If we had known Jesus, should we have been different?

'The chief priests and the elders of the people' seem to have wished to catch him in talk, but they found it like trying to catch a weasel asleep for he asked them a pointed question immediately they began to put difficulties in his way—see verses 25–7. Their answer shewed that Jesus had made them uncomfortable. Then he asked them what they thought of the two sons, one saying, 'No, I don't want to,' and the other saying, 'Yes, father.' It was the unwilling one who actually did what his father wished.

Do you think that Jesus makes himself out to have been as the unwilling son who actually did what his father wished at last, and the chief priests and elders to have been as the willing ones who grew tired before they did anything? If so, does it not suggest that Jesus had a struggle indeed before he gave himself to God and the good life? He played the man all through.

It is easy to *say*, but it is not always easy to *do*; yet it is deeds that count rather than words. Words go a long way: don't forget that, polite, gracious, encouraging words are worth much, and they are grand when action follows them. Sometimes good deeds are robbed of much of their virtue by the gruff words, the rudeness which accompany them, remember. But it is the doing that tells in the long run.

There has been a war in the Balkan Peninsula and cholera broke out. Why? At San Stephano many soldiers died in the streets and their bodies were left there a menace to the health of those who lived. Two people not concerned in the war, a Swiss lady and a Presbyterian minister, set to work to make a change. They brought the sick into a school and a camp; they got the streets cleared; they tried to make the sick comfortable and keep them clean. Miss Alt and Mr. Frew, backed by other Christians, have brought common sense into action; they were not content to say what ought to be done; they set about doing it. Perhaps they could have escaped all danger for themselves by leaving the town; but they stayed. The words of Mr. Frew as a minister of God, as a disciple of Jesus, fit in with his deeds. Miss Alt's knowledge of Florence Nightingale has made her the Florence Nightingale of San Stephano. Words outline the ideal; admiration leads to imitation; but it is only action that gives value to words and admiration.

Are all the good people dead? Is there the same spring of goodness in the hearts of men and women to-day as there always was? Not long ago a cripple gave a limb, knowing that it might mean his life, to save a little girl whose burns might otherwise have been fatal. When the cripple learnt that the operation would cost him his life he said, 'I am of some use after all.'

Everybody may utter well sounding words, but anybody may do good deeds!

LVII.—Pharisee and Publican

BERTRAM LISTER, M.A.

March 2nd.—Luke 18[9-14].

The purpose of this parable is given in verse 9: 'he spake this parable unto certain which trusted in themselves that they were righteous, and set all others at nought.' The Pharisee and the publican are, therefore, types of men. The Pharisee is the representative of one of the leading castes, some (but it is a mistake to think

that all Pharisees are equally wrong) of which emphasised the letter instead of the spirit of the law, by which their religion was governed. They thought that righteousness consisted in the keeping of each detail of the law, especially the ceremonial law. Having done that, they considered that their salvation was sure.

But the Publican (tax-gatherer) is at the opposite end of the social scale. He was universally despised and hated because he was the representative of their Roman conquerors to whom through him they had to pay tribute, and the strict Jews would have no king but Jehovah. Moreover, publicans frequently exacted more than was strictly due from the people, so that they could fill their own pockets.

Look at the two prayers: the Pharisee's is full of overweening self-confidence, self praise, self-righteousness. All the time he is comparing himself with others to their disadvantage. Nor is he merely content to obey the letter strictly: he fasts twice a week, whereas only once a year is required of the Law; he gives tithes of all he has, whereas tithes were only required of certain articles—corn, wine, oil, and cattle—not of all. Contrast with this the prayer of the publican, who has nothing to say about what he has done, but whose simple cry of penitence shows that *his heart is right and that he wishes to do good whatever he may have done in the past.*

'Everyone that exalteth himself shall be humbled,' because by the act of exalting himself he shows that he has not a true insight into real greatness and goodness, which must go hand in hand with humility.

Which other parable deals with humility of this kind? The marriage feast, Lc. 14^{7-11}.

What does this mean for us? (1) *Don't boast.* We all hate to hear a boy boasting about what he can do and has done, and are glad to hear when he fails after boasting. Those who *talk* least are often those who *do* most. Boasting shows the character is small.

'A certain king had a gifted minstrel whom he commanded to play before him. But the vain minstrel celebrated his own exploits; and when, at the end of the feast, he asked the king for his reward, the stern answer was, 'Thine own praises were thy theme, let these be thy paymaster." And so, if our good works are done that we ourselves may have praise of men, they will count no more in God's sight than utter barrenness and neglect.'[1]

'"It was my custom in my youth," says a celebrated Persian writer, "to rise from my sleep, to watch, pray, and read the Koran. One night, as I was thus engaged, my father, a man of practised virtue, awoke. 'Behold,' said I to him, 'thy other children are lost in irreligious slumbers while I alone am awake to praise God.' 'Son of my soul,' said he, 'it is better to sleep than to wake to remark the faults of thy brethren.'" '[1]

'A Chinese proverb runs: "Think of your own faults the first part of the night (when you are awake), and of the faults of others the latter part of the night (when you are asleep)." '[1]

'"General," said an American major, 'I always observe that those persons, who have a great deal to say about being ready to shed their last drop of blood, are amazin' pertic'ler about the first drop." '[1]

'I hev often noticed that the man who would have done such wonderful things, if he had been there, never gets there." ' (Josh Billings.)[1]

(2) *So with regard to Religion.* Religion does not consist in keeping an infinite number of details of ceremonial law. The ceremonial law is only to remind us of what is higher. True and highest religion is just being and doing good. See the Beatitudes, Matt. 5. 'Pure religion and undefiled before our God and Father is this: to visit the fatherless and widows in their affliction, and to keep himself unspotted from the world' (James 1^{27}). 'What doth the Lord require of thee, but to do justly, and to love mercy, and to walk humbly with thy God?' (Micah 6^{8}).

LVIII.—A man without God

March 9th.—Psalm 10.

In this Psalm the writer expostulates with Jehovah for neglecting his persecuted people, and gives a catalogue of the wrongs from which they were suffering (verses 2–11). He then pleads with Jehovah (12–18) to vindicate his own character by action, being confident that he will answer the prayer of the faithful.

The enemy of Israel here prayed against

[1] Taken from 'Tools for Teachers.'

is no foreign oppressor, but found in Israel itself, amongst the so-called faithful themselves. While pretending to be acting in accordance with the laws of Jehovah, they are really always holding him in contempt by their disloyalty to him.

This can be applied in two ways. I. 'A man's foes are those of his own household.' This is by no means universal, though often found in one or other of its forms. One's own friends and relations frequently misunderstand one's nature, especially if it does does not fit in with the stereotyped nature to which they are accustomed. Anything out of the common is looked on as being distorted and therefore wrong. Another form it takes is that we are frequently less considerate to those of our family. We are polite enough to visitors and outsiders, but never think it necessary to be polite to parents, brothers, and sisters. We do not bother to show affection to parents, thinking—if we think at all—that they don't need or want it. Or, again, are we impatient at their weaknesses, when we should make allowances for, or fail to see, them in others? Those are some of the ways in which we find the persecutors in our own house. When we are the victims we can see it plainly enough: we must take care never to be the victimisers.

II. More frequently we find the enemy in our own selves. Why are we not universally liked? Because we have too sharp a tongue. Why do we not rise to places of trust? Because we have shown ourselves to be untrustworthy. Why do we not get on? Not because every one is anxious to keep us from getting the positions we deserve, but because there is something in our own selves which makes us unworthy of those positions. What? Well, such things as bad habits of all sorts. All bad habits work against our success. Until we have conquered them we cannot hope to be quite successful. We cannot be quite happy as long as we have any jealousy in us. And so on.

How are we to get rid of it? By working hard to get control of ourselves. As soon as these bad habits appear they must be stamped out. This cannot be done with the help of others. We must do it each for himself.

But when that seems too hard, and we have striven in vain and endured for long enough, then we must turn to God for his help. If we go to him in the right spirit, if at the same time, trusting in him, we work hard ourselves to abolish and get rid of these habits, then in the end we shall succeed, and become pure.

(Give instances of men who have fought against such enemies in themselves and conquered.)

LIX.—What is Man?

March 16th.—Psalm 8.

The whole of the Psalm should be learnt by heart.

This is a hymn of praise. The Psalmist has been contemplating the wonders of nature, and is struck with the great power given to man, and overflows with thankfulness for it.

Think of the immensity of the heavens, containing the sun, moon, and stars, which move in their appointed courses, all ordained by God. What is man compared to these? And yet to man has been given all the power necessary for ruling over animals and fishes and birds. Certainly he is very little short of being equal to God.

In olden days, God was thought of as being a sort of glorified man. Then, according to Genesis, God made man in his own image. (See evidence throughout Genesis of how God walked and talked with and helped man.) With that idea of God, there would be nothing strange in the power of man. But to the Psalmist God was more spiritual (i.e., he did not come down to earth in the form of a man and walk and talk with other men as formerly believed, but he ruled the world from above). This made the wonder of man all the greater.

But now we are getting out of the habit of wondering at man's greatness. We have a different outlook on life, because we know so much more nowadays than was known then. We are so accustomed to seeing wonderful things around us that we no longer think there is anything marvellous about them. If we live in a town, we take it for granted that we should have electric trams, motor-cars, gas, electric-lights, telegrams, telephones, steam-engines magnificent buildings and parks.

If we live by the sea, we scarcely think twice about the ships we see or the fishes we catch.

If we live in the country, we are not often filled with awe at the trees and herbs and flowers, birds and beasts, the seasons of the year, and at the annual resurrection of life, etc.

Only when we go away from our usual surroundings are we astonished at what we see. The townsman goes into raptures over what he sees in the country: each tree has its own particular leaf, each wood its own beauty, each field its allurement, each lane its charm, each hill and rock its magnificence.

When we go to the seaside from inland, we stand and watch the sea and do not get tired of waiting for each next wave. And the ships and liners have a never-ceasing attraction to us.

So, too, if we live in the country and visit the town. Everything we see makes us stop and marvel at its existence. The traffic, method of getting about, and everything else which a town possesses, is wonderful to our untrained eye.

If we go to look round some big works and are taken past all the machinery, we have the same feeling of awe. But does that feeling come to those who spend their lives there?

The wonders of nature and the world are still so great that we have more cause than ever to say 'what is man that thou art mindful of him?'

But what does all this new knowledge mean? Doesn't it mean this? That we are just giving evidence all the time of the truth of the line, 'Thou hast made him but little lower than God.' Man is always learning—learning the laws that govern the universe—understanding more and more the workings of God and his mind. We can understand why a frozen pipe bursts. That does not mean that the bursting is any less wonderful, but that man's mind is more wonderful. We are constantly deepening the wonder of man's mind. And by every new item of knowledge we are bringing our minds into harmony with the mind of God. Each time we learn anything, we are making ourselves a little less lower than God.

The Psalmist said, 'What is man that thou art mindful of him; and the Son of Man that thou visitest him?' And the answer comes back, 'And God made man in his own image.' Let your love and respect for humanity grow.

LX.—Whence cometh Wisdom?

March 23rd.—Job 28.

The teacher should know something about the story of the book of Job. For this read chapters 1 and 2. The subsequent chapters are for the most part speeches of Job or his friends. Chapter 28, however, is an interlude by the poet himself on the quest of Wisdom.

Verses 1–4 describe the industry of man digging for the hidden things of the earth.

Verses 5–11 describe the work of man on the surface of the earth, showing his cleverness and energy by making a 'path that no bird of prey knoweth, neither hath the falcon's eye seen it.

Verses 10 *and* 11 refer to the washing of the ore, for which aqueducts and reservoirs were made; if these began to leak, or water to drip into his shaft or tunnel, then he was able to stop it.

Such is man's skill: if in the earth wisdom could be found, surely man would have discovered it.

Verses 12–19. Where is wisdom to be found? Not in the earth nor in the deep, nor can it be bought for gold or silver or precious stones. (The deep—the underworld, and not only what we mean by the sea; sheol, the place of departed spirits.)

Verses 20–22. Man does not know, neither do the birds. Death and destruction have only heard rumours of its existence.

Verses 23–28. God alone knows the way of wisdom. In his rule and guidance of the forces of the world, he saw it, and established it. Then he told man where it exists.—Reverence for the Lord and the Pursuit of Holiness.

Such is the meaning of chapter 28. Its application is clear. It is an answer to the tendencies of the age. We are constantly laying stress on the wrong side of life, a stress we can see in modern conditions of life. Under these conditions we must 'get on or get out.' There is a continuous rush and hustle. That we may get enough money on which to live—and a little over. This is, of course, quite necessary: we must live. But so much emphasis is laid on this side that we forget that there is any other. So that wealth becomes an end in itself instead of a means to an end.

When we act like that, we are doing just what the writer of Job says: trying to

find wisdom, the best thing on earth, by false means. We can never find it—never get that peace which passeth all understanding—by relying solely on pounds, shillings, and pence, nor on any of the other methods where wealth takes the chief part. For wisdom is not a thing that can be handled or tossed about from one to another. It is intangible.

The pursuit of wisdom is the pursuit of the higher life. This does not consist of or rest on material welfare, but spiritual. We must search for it, not with our hands, but with our minds. This must be the chief end and aim of our life: all other things must be means to that end. Here is where the emphasis must be put. The spiritual life is the most important side of life for man to-day.

What do we mean by the spiritual life? 'The fear of the Lord and departing from evil to do good.' These two are inseparable just as the two great commandments are inseparable, 'Thou shalt love the Lord thy God,' and 'Thou shalt love thy neighbour as thyself.' We cannot do the one without the other. For if we love God, we must inevitably love man, God's child. And if we love man we are doing so for the same reason. It is simply putting into practice what we profess in the first.

'Behold, the fear of the Lord, that is wisdom,
And to depart from evil is understanding.

In that is summed up the purpose of life, and no one who honestly tries to carry that out can fail in life, even though he works for only a few shillings a week. He is a failure or a success according as his life fits in with that standard.

LXI.—Steadfast and without Fear

March 30th.—Job 11.

Zophar is the third of Job's friends who come to comfort him in his afflictions. He is shocked at the apparent mockery in Job's speech, who had dared to call God to witness that he was not wicked. This upsets Zophar, who believes that all afflictions are exactly proportionate to sin committed. Job has suffered, therefore he *must* have sinned, even though he did not know it! God, in his great wisdom knows what Job does not know.

Verses 2–4, he accuses Job of being an empty babbler.

Verses 5–6. God could show that Job was only receiving the just reward for what he had done.

Verses 7–12. God's greatness: he sees what others do not.

Verses 13–19. If Job will set his heart aright, and turn from his wickedness, he will be forgiven, his sins will be forgotten and he will become prosperous again.

Verse 20. All the wicked can expect is death, which is the end of all.

Zophar makes one big mistake: he contends that the result of sin, which is a mental attitude, is found in bodily afflictions and material disasters. The result of *actions* may be bodily afflictions and material disasters; but the result of *sin* is mental affliction and disaster.

Equally so, the result of piety is not a big balance at the bank, but a greater amount and appreciation of piety. That is a mistake frequently made to-day: we think that because we live pure and true and good lives, we ought to rise to the top of our profession or business. But it does not follow in the least. We may think that it ought to follow. But, all the same, as a matter of fact, it doesn't. Purity of life does not necessarily imply ability to design say, the Houses of Parliament or a Super-Dreadnought. We would like to see the two together and the one necessarily there is a man who is to do the other. But that is not his real reward.

The real reward of the man who is pure is that he becomes more pure. Nothing but the pure appeals to him. He can see always the good side of others. Whereas the impure can see nothing but bad. His vision demoralises him. It does not bring him anything but unhappiness and discontent. He does not know what it is to feel imperishable joys, as does the man who is pure and who thereby can see God.

The reward of the truthful man is that everyone accepts his word and he accepts the word of others. (Incidentally, sometimes he gets deceived, but his outlook on life amply repays him for that.) By believing in others, he brings out what is best in them. But the liar is not believed, and —worse still—can believe no one else.

So to the man who is 'steadfast and without fear,' life is worth living. He believes in God and trusts him, therefore trusts that there is some divine reason for unhappiness and inequality. But its results are seen more on his view of his own

life: he does not think constantly that the world is not governed by a righteous God, or that the powers of evil are stronger than the powers of good, or that he is being 'kept down' by unfair means. Because he believes in God, he accepts what comes *as a starting point for his own work and exertions.*

Moreover, to him there is the added consolation, unknown to the man whose God is merely a name, of being able to go to God and commune with him when in difficulty or doubt.

This is the man whose life and outlook we envy. This is the man whom we try to imitate and become.

'Never have I seen the righteous forsaken.' This is true of the good man. Always he has the knowledge of God to bear him up in his difficulties.

LXII.—Society—I

F. J. GOULD

On the plains of Mongolia, it is said that the horses are such good comrades to one another that, if a bear or wolf attacks one, the whole herd rally to his aid, and pursue the *enemy* for miles till he is driven to a safe distance.

You are well aware how bees dwell together in a hive, which is the storehouse of the *food* which they help one another to gather from flowers.

You know, too, how ants make *towns* in the earth, with passages, with nurseries for the young, with slaves!

Animals which thus live together are *social*; they *associate.*

When we look at a village where savages dwell in huts, we see *social life* again; we see a human *society.* A family is a society; a country (England, Ireland, United States, France, etc.) is a society; and humanity is the largest of all societies, for it covers the globe.

Poor Crusoe lived alone on his island, and had only the society (if so we can call it) of his cat, dog, parrot, etc. Man Friday set foot on the shore, and became Crusoe's companion, and a true society began.

About the year 1850, the Govan Ironworks, owned by Mr. Dixon, sent up smoke and blazes from its furnace-shafts by day and by night. You could see the glow afar off; and folk called it 'Dixon's bleezes' (blazes). As the city of Glasgow grew, the houses collected round the Ironworks, and people complained of the unhealthy fumes from the furnaces. There was talk in the City Council as to which had the better right to exist,—Glasgow citizens, or 'Dixon's bleezes'? The Council decided that the blazes must go. Mr. Dixon had to make new arrangements, so as to consume his own smoke, and use the chemical matter of the fumes for some manufacturing purpose, instead of flinging it into the air of Glasgow. Society, like the Mongolian horses, *defended itself against an enemy that threatened its health.*[1]

In olden Japan, when rain was badly needed, the people who followed the Shinto or Nature-religion had a plan for calling to Nature to supply them with the precious showers. They formed a procession. A priest led the way. A man blew blasts from a conch-shell. Men carried a dummy dragon made of straw and bamboo. Two flags were borne, on which were written mottoes in honour of the dragon-king, lord of thunder and rain. A drum beat. The crowd pointed to the hill where they hoped to see the clouds collect, and they shouted, —'The black clouds of the honourable peak! From the west the rain comes pouring!'—all the time, very much hoping the rain really would come pouring. They hurled the dragon into a waterfall, and eagerly watched the dummy king float away, soaked in his own water; and all souls longed that the dragon-king would drench the farms and gardens as plentifully as he was drenched himself. Do you notice how the Japanese acted? Not one by one did farmers and gardeners go out to plead with the dragon. They went as comrades. They had all *suffered together*; they all expressed their trouble in a *social* cry; and if the rain came (from dragon or cloud!) they all *rejoiced together.*[2]

As you look round the world to-day, you will see this wonderful *social* habit everywhere. On the Fourth of July, all the United States rejoice together at the memory of the Declaration of Independence. When an honoured citizen,—Florence Nightingale or Count Tolstoy,—dies, all the country, and, indeed, all the world, *mourns* together.

[1] W. S. Murphy's *Captains of Industry*, pp. 145, 146.

[2] Aston's *Shinto, the Way of the Gods*, p. 153.

One evening, in February, 1848, shots rattled through the streets and avenues of Paris. People had piled barricades across the roads, and were fighting the soldiers of the King. It was a revolution. Yet,—would you believe it!—there was a restaurant, the Café de la Régence, where men were quietly playing chess while the battle raged in the streets. The men were two. One was Alfred de Musset, a famous French poet, and the other was a waiter, who was the only person he could get to play chess with him. A musket-ball whistled into the café, and smashed a window, and the waiter declared it was time to put the chessboard and pawns aside. If you like, you can admire Alfred de Musset for his coolness and self-control. For my part, I think he did not act as a good citizen. He was a member of society, and it is the duty of every member of society to *take an interest* in what goes on in his village, city, or fatherland.[1]

Why, I can tell you of a little girl who took more interest in social doings than Alfred de Musset did. This was a Russian girl named Sophia (afterwards Madame Swetchine). In 1789, she heard of the capture of the Bastille by the people of Paris. She was delighted to be told that no more prisoners would ever be shut up in the prison where so many poor fellows had been unjustly confined within thick-ribbed walls. Her father came home one day, and found a room illuminated with many candles, as if for a grand festival. He asked Sophia what this show was for. 'O papa,' cried this brave little citizen of the world, 'shall we not celebrate the taking of the Bastille, and the release of these poor French prisoners?'[2]

All over the earth, girls and women to-day are doing what Russian Sophia did. They are taking an *interest in the welfare of society*.

Now let me tell you an old legend of the Black Forest. There is, in that part of Germany, a town called Freiburg, and it has a gate called the Swabian gate; and on the gate appears a picture carved,—the picture of a man and a donkey. If you ask what the picture means, you will be told that, once upon a time, a peasant who had saved a lot of money was puffed up at the idea of his riches, and, when he heard the town of Freiburg was for sale, he resolved to buy it! Just think of the impudence of this one little man wishing to set up as owner of the homes and fortunes of a whole commonwealth of good German people!

But to tell the honest truth, you would not have to travel far about the world before you would, even to-day, meet with rich persons who fancy they have a right to be such owners!

However, as I may not stop to tell you their names, I will finish the Black Forest legend. The rich peasant started out from his mountain village, having laden his ass with panniers containing his silver and gold. He entered Freiburg in grand style.

'What is the price of this town?' said the man to Society in the market-place.

'The price of this town,' was the people's answer, 'is beyond what you or any other man can pay.'

'But see how much I can offer!' the man cried to Society.

So saying, he opened his panniers, and disclosed to the citizens, not gold and silver as he had expected, but sand and gravel, which his wife had put in before he left home.

Sensible woman, she knew better than he that the claims and welfare of the city stood above the wishes of one, however rich.[1]

LXIII.—Society—II

The giant river Orinoco pours a milky flood into the Atlantic. It belongs to the land of Venezuela, which is now a free republic, but which, in the year 1814, was struggling for liberty from the rule of Spain. Battles near the city of Caracas decided the struggle.

Bolivar, the captain of freedom in more than one American State, had a small army posted in a park, and he used a farm-house in this park as a hospital for wounded soldiers of liberty. On behalf of Spain, a troop of wild horsemen—Llaneros—attacked Bolivar and the farm-house. The rattling and furious charges of the Llaneros put the hospital in danger.

[1] 'Westminster Gazette,' December, 1910.

[2] Falloux's *Life of Madame Swetchine* (1868). p. 13.

[1] Séguin's *Black Forest, its People and its Legends*, p. 250.

War is a plague which all nations should seek to stamp out. But, of all kinds of war, we must allow that a war for the freedom of a nation is the least evil; and this war of Bolivar against Spain was waged for the weal of Venezuela.

And thus, when the young captain, Antonio Ricaurte, who commanded the hospital, saw the place in peril, he resolved to serve the social weal by his death. Wounded as he was he summoned all his strength and ordered all his men to leave the building. He alone remained. The Spaniards rushed in. Bolivar beheld them from a distance and thought all was lost. Then a great explosion took place and the farm-house blew up and in the ruins lay many dead Llaneros; and among them lay the patriot Ricaurte. He had set fire to a store of gunpowder. Bolivar was able to save his army by swift retreat; and in the end the freedom of Venezuela was assured. The hero Ricaurte behaving in the spirit of an ancient Roman, had yielded up his *life* for the *society*, or *commonwealth*, of which he was a servant.[1]

How finely you might spend a few evenings in searching for the histories of noble men and women who have given their lives for the service of the *social good*! But I would not have you think that the highest service always means loss of life. General Nogi, the Japanese warrior, slew himself in September, 1912, because his Emperor died, and people all over the world respected his devotion; for such had been the Japanese way in days of old. Yet I think he would have acted more nobly if he had remained alive in the service of Japan.

There is a Hindu legend which says that the heavenly Gods were losing their glory. Something was wrong with the world, they knew not what. So they asked Vishnu for his counsel. He believed there was a lurking poison in the sea. It must be got rid of.

'Let us,' he said, 'churn the ocean.'

A mighty business, truly. They churned the ocean, till the heaving waters flung up elephants! and horses! and fairy-like ladies! —and then there was a black blot. It increased; it overspread the sea, the sky. The Gods cried to the Great White God, Siva. He came at their call, and scooped the poison into his hand, and swallowed it, even at the risk of his life. Siva did not die; he had saved the universe. But the mark of his deadly adventure was left on him. His throat turned blue with the poison stain. And to-day, in India, Siva is always shown with a blue throat. And thus heroes who do not die *carry the mark of their suffering* for the common weal. Have you ever thought how many railwaymen, miners, engineers, chemical workers, etc., become crippled, or blinded, or otherwise hurt each year while serving society? Millions, in various parts of the world, wear the 'blue mark.'

I mentioned engineers. I should be sorry if you thought I meant that engineers and others can only serve by suffering. Listen:—

From 1855 to 1897 a suspension bridge had swung over the falls of Niagara; but it had become out-of-date, and a new one was required. The new bridge was built without disturbing the old bridge. A high steel tower was erected on each bank of the river. Then platforms were built out from each tower; and pieces were added; and so on, till the two halves met in the middle. Ah! but how easy to make mistakes! Suppose the two halves did not exactly fit? But they did fit exactly, and the new bridge was safe for traffic; and the old one was removed.[1]

Now here was no surrender of life; and no suffering of wounds by weapon or by poison. There was quiet, hard, thoughtful *planning* for the social weal. This is what millions and millions of good *craftsmen* and *craftswomen* are doing every day of the year, and so the grand old world goes round.

Mr. (afterwards Sir) Thomas Wardle, of Leek, in Staffordshire, was much interested in silk and silk-works. When, in 1885, he visited the beautiful Vale of Kashmir in India, he carefully observed the soil, the climate, the people, and the mulberry trees, and he concluded that this was just the place for rearing silk worms and producing silk-cloth. Later on, he again visited Kashmir, and *observed* how carelessly the folk treated the mulberry trees, hacking off branches for fuel, and so on. If they wanted leaves for the silk-worms, they cut branches off, and then stripped the leaves, whereas in France and Italy, people would climb up to

[1] F. L. Petre's *Simon Bolivar* (1910), pp. 129, 130.

[1] R. Doubleday's *Stories of Inventors*, pp. 18–20.

the branches and pick the leaves off. Well, Thomas Wardle advised the Kashmir people what to do for the best. In 1898, he distributed silkworm eggs to five hundred families, the Government paying the expense. In May, 1903, he reported that the eggs had increased enough to supply 11,150 families, and 50,000 people were at work in silkworm rearing, and silk-spinning. Six years before, nothing was being done. All this improvement was due to the wise *observation* of one man, who saw what could be done, and *planned* a new industry, and so served the public welfare of Kashmir. No heroic giving up of life, you see; but plain, quiet, honest watching and thinking and suggesting.[1]

You make another mistake if you suppose society can only be served by heroes and engineers and clever observers.

For instance, at the Ealing Tenants Estate, Middlesex, near London, girls and boys sometimes go out in happy array to do a bit of work for the blessing of people twenty, thirty and more years hence; they plant young trees on what, in the United States, would be called Arbor Day. And here again is a splendid problem for you. You can set down on a scrap of paper a score of ways in which girls and boys can serve society in their *youth*.

And you make another mistake if you suppose it is only heroes, and engineers, and observers, and youthful people who can share in this glorious service.

Once I was at a meeting in Queen's Hall, London. A great crowd was present to hear speeches. I sat next to some poor and ill-clad men. How eagerly these poor and ill-clad men listened when an old man, about seventy years of age, rose up to speak. They knew him well. For their sake, and for the sake of all poor folk on earth, he had worked in speaking, and writing, and in pleading in public places for many, many years.

He pointed to his forehead with a smile.

'Do you know,' he asked the audience, 'how to keep wrinkles off your forehead? Do you know how to keep young and bright? Do you know how to keep your face beautiful? Work for the poor and fallen. I have tried to do that, and, as I try to do it, I grow younger!'

Younger; yes, younger in his *old age*.

[1] Sir T. Wardle's *Kashmir, its new Silk Industry* (1904), pp. 209–213, and 278–280.

LXIV.—The Tree of Christianity

ARNOLD BROADBENT

Generally speaking it is a waste of time to try and explain doctrinal differences to young boys and girls. Unitarian Sunday school teachers who have not yet made this discovery (if there are any such) may test the matter by trying to teach their scholars any distinctively Unitarian belief. Children are not mentally fitted to understand theological arguments.

But there are one or two things that can and should be taught in our schools. One is the relationship between the various sects of the Christian Church from the point of view of growth and historic continuity. The following is a simple lesson on this subject.

* * * * * * *

Christianity is based on the teachings of Christ. Suppose, then, we think of Christianity as a tree; the roots of the tree will be imbedded in, and will derive their nourishment from, the teachings of the founder. Let us go back to the time when Jesus lived and taught. We may imagine his teachings as a seed falling upon not very fertile ground. The Jews rejected the new religion and crucified the man who preached it. But not all the seed fell on barren, rocky soil. Some of it found fertile ground in the mind and hearts of his disciples, and particularly in the mind and heart of Paul of Tarsus.

By this time we must think of the tree as a little green shoot just peeping out of the ground.

Paul carried the Gospel to Europe and established Christian communities in Greece and Rome. The new church gradually grew larger and stronger, and the little green shoot gradually became a stout sapling.

Then there was a division. The church divided into two sections, Greek and Roman. The sapling had thrown out branches one on each side of the main stem. For the purposes of our lesson we must neglect the left-hand branch (Greek Church) except to remember that it has in course of time spread throughout Russia and Eastern Europe. Let us follow the course of the right-hand branch (Roman Church).

This branch in the course of centuries grew stronger and stronger until it spread

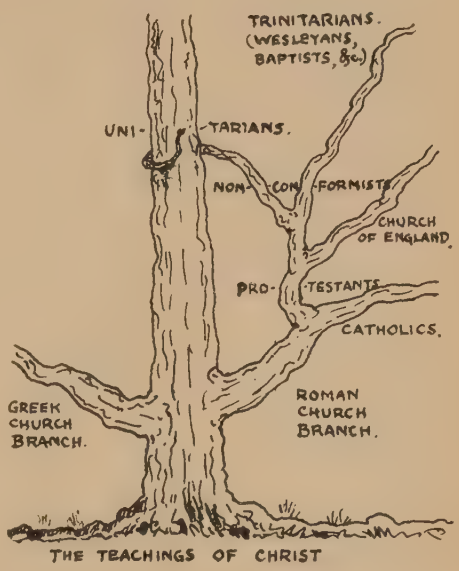
over the whole of Western Europe, including Great Britain. It became a very powerful branch indeed, and existed unchallenged for many hundreds of years. But in the middle ages, about four centuries ago, an important event happened. In Germany a new movement known as the Reformation began, and this movement rapidly spread to England. The great branch had split in two or, rather, a new offshoot had appeared, and the Protestant Church had come into existence. England threw off her allegiance to the Roman Church and established the Church of England.

This new branch on the tree of Christianity grew and prospered for some time, but then something else happened. A good many people in this country found that they did not agree with the teachings of the Church of England, and they were called Nonconformists, because they would not conform to the practices of the established Church. A new twig had thus appeared on the tree. It was a weak-looking little twig at first, and it had to suffer a good deal of persecution and hard treatment. But luckily it managed to survive the frosty weather and grow stronger.

The Nonconformists, however, were not all agreed among themselves as to what they believed. There was a small but troublesome section who were called Unitarians because they believed in the unity of God and not in the Trinity which was preached by all the other sects, Church of England and Nonconformist alike. So a new twig appeared, but it was so tiny, and the weather was so exceedingly frosty, that it was a long time before it grew at all, and many times it looked as if the twig would die. However, it still lives, and we want it to grow stronger and more powerful.

* * * * * * *

This lesson should be illustrated if possible by drawing a tree on a blackboard and naming the branches as they are drawn. If a blackboard is not available, a pen and ink drawing on a large sheet of paper should be used. The lesson lends itself to indefinite expansion in the answering of questions, or in giving further information about the various steps in the development of the 'tree' (dates, etc.). The following skeleton drawing will make the lesson clearer.



By drawing the Unitarian branch so that it twines round the main trunk of the tree a useful Unitarian truth may be illustrated.

EVENING HYMN

WALTER M. LONG

Dear Father, 'ere the light grows dim,
And darkness falls around,
We raise to thee our parting hymn,
While angels hover round.

To those who bear the load of sin,
O Father, give thy light,
So that they now may all begin
To love and do the right.

O give us strength that we may love
As Jesus did when here,
The sinful and the outcast ones
Of all thy children dear.

We are but young, but still we yearn
To do thy holy will,
And most of all to strive to help
All those who suffer ill.

In doing this, we know that we
Are working out thy plan,
O help us, Lord, for we would be
As he, thy perfect man.

Dear Father, ere our way we wend
From this thy house of prayer,
Grant us thy peace, thy angels send
To guard us everywhere.

PARENTAL DUTIES

CONSUELO ROWLANDS, B.A.

In the hands of parents rests the early training of the young, and therefore the betterment of the human race. For though we can do something to help and reform grown men and women, far more lasting and beneficial results are obtained by tending and protecting boys and girls while they are still unsullied by the evil influences which surround so many of them, and while heart and mind are still as susceptible to good as to evil. In the neglect and mismanagement of children lies the source of most of the poverty, degradation, and misery of a large portion of mankind. Send a child out into the world healthy and vigorous in mind and body, with a sound if only elementary education, and it is at any rate probable that he will make his way to the front. But turn adrift a child who is weak in body, stunted and warped in mental powers, and what chance can he possibly have in a world where it is the energetic and those capable of endurance that remain on top? Hence the inestimable importance and possibilities of the early years of life.

Parents are entirely responsible for their child's welfare during infancy; and, though later the responsibility is shared with the day and Sunday schools, parents always have a decided advantage over any external power, because in their case authority does, or ought to, go hand in hand with affection and trust, without which teachers can make so little headway. Moreover, parents have better opportunities for observation than school teachers, who only see the children when under the influence of school rules and regulations. It is in the home more than anywhere else that the child gives free play to all his impulses, his desires, his affections. There he is himself, unfettered by any irksome, though perhaps necessary, restrictions; able to talk when and where he likes and give expression to the host of ideas and questions that crowd his mind. And parents, besides having the opportunity, ought also to have a greater interest in and desire to understand what is passing in their child's mind, as they also undoubtedly have the greater power of understanding.

The primary duty towards a child is to give him a healthy body. Health is the first requisite of all who are to grow up a help and not a burden to society. For, though virtue does not only, or always, accompany a strong body, there is no doubt that physical welfare is a big step towards the development of excellences of character, seeing that good health is a condition of practical energy and therefore of true development, that it is productive of moral endurance, and is a condition of all sound judgment. The care of health in children is the special function of parents, and no one else can adequately perform it. Yet it is clear that parents are most shamefully negligent in this respect since, though ninety per cent. of the children born into the world are capable with a reasonable amount of attention of growing into strong men and women, nearly a third, in some parts a half, of them die before they are a year old. To decrease this infant mortality should be the earnest endeavour of all. For health, four things are necessary—good food, fresh air, cleanliness, and an adequate amount of rest. These are rights which every child can claim and which every parent ought to satisfy if possible, and in cases where it is impossible they should learn to co-operate with those who would help them, and not, as is too often the case, entirely shift the responsibility.

The next duty to which parents ought to turn their attention is that of education. It is frequently thought that a child can be trusted to educate himself until he arrives at school age. He can, just as he can be trusted to feed himself. But he cannot be trusted to educate himself in the right way. He requires guidance and help in this business, just as much as he requires it in the discrimination between what is good and what is not good to put in the mouth. The child himself feels this; hence his craving for his father's or mother's companionship and leadership in his games and pursuits. A child's education does not begin at school. It commences as soon as the impressions conveyed to the brain through the senses mean anything for him.

Even when he has passed into the care of school authorities, parents ought not to consider their obligations at an end. For whereas school teachers are concerned

almost wholly with the training of the intellect and hand, and whereas true education is much more comprehensive in aim and character, there must be much left to be done outside school hours. Apart from this, parents might co-operate with the school by preparing the child for the teacher's work—much of the latter's success depends on the kind of attitude with which his pupil comes to class—and by helping him to assimilate what he learns elsewhere. It seems to me that if the father or mother would take the trouble to question the child on the day's lessons, discussing them and piecing them out with his or her own knowledge on the subject, it would help immeasurably to fix facts in the child's mind and would have a further advantage of bringing the school into more intimate relation with the home.

Education, however, does not end with childhood. When school is left behind there begins the long period of self-education. The young people must embark on their own lines of thought and action. The foundations are laid by others. It lies with each young man and woman to complete the structure, to make or mar his life and character. Some people would deny that anyone has a character until he or she has passed the stage of boyhood and girlhood. This is entirely erroneous, I think. The development of character, like the development of mind and body, is a process which is at work from the very beginning of life. It is too often thought that the physical being is all that matters in the first years of life, and that babies are quite insensible to their surroundings, whereas in reality they are super-sensitive to all that goes on about them. There is indeed very little that escapes their notice and does not affect them consciously or unconsciously.

The prime modifying factor on character is environment, and as the home is the earliest environment we know, it is profoundly important in its influence. 'The vital matter,' to quote Professor MacCunn, 'is not the home as parents make it in seasons of edification when their consciences are on the alert ; it is the home as it normally is in its habitual preferences, its predominant interests, its settled estimates of persons and pursuits, its ordinary circle of associates, its standard of living, its accepted ideals of work and amusement.' Moreover, the training of character is most effectual in the privacy of the home, because there is there more scope for individual attention which is necessary, seeing that no two children are alike. In training character, room must be given for freedom of individual action, for the development of personality. To quote again from MacCunn, 'It is precisely when education is organised by public authority that there is more need than ever of a place where the individuality of the child, upon which Rousseau, Pestalozzi, and Froebel laid such passionate stress, may with the discerning eyes of anxious affection be studied, cared for, tended, restrained, developed.'

But there are influences outside the home which modify character, such as friends, associates at work or play, the nature of the district in which one spends the greater part of one's time, and a host of other factors, trivial and otherwise. 'Subtle forces of personality, the direct influence of mind on mind and of character on character are ever at play.' But even here parents may have some influence through example, advice, and a careful supervision. For instance, in the choice of friends and companions which are as necessary for children as they are for adults, since both alike have a social instinct. It is a mistake to keep children too much at home. They ought to mix with others, for only thus will they obtain any breadth of character, and only thus will they become good citizens. Citizenship cannot be learnt at home. Civic virtues are only developed after people have learned that there is something beyond their own lives and pursuits, and this knowledge is usually obtained outside the family circle.

It is also a mistake to keep children away from all sight of evil. For virtue on the part of those who have never faced wrong is only fair-weather morality. Rather should the young mind by observation of wrong-doing and its effects be filled with a horror and loathing of all things evil.

I have mentioned the name of Froebel. I think it would be an excellent thing if every young woman could be induced to read a simple exposition of his system. Something might then be done towards securing a more sympathetic, and at the same time more comprehensive, home education for future generations. For it is not sufficient that a mother meets childish impulse with maternal impulse.

Impulse rests on foundations too flimsy for rational beings, and as children are rational beings, or at least destined to become such, it is right that their actions be met with a rational response. Therefore in parents must be developed true sensibility and clear-sightedness. Love must be accompanied by a clear understanding.

A BIG FLOOD

J. H. M. NOLAN, M.A., B.Litt.

ENGLAND has one of the gentlest climates on earth. Nature here behaves in a quiet and subdued manner, as befits so eminently respectable a country. It is true she rather affects a weeping style, but on the whole this does not amount to anything considerable. It is but seldom she breaks out into any degree of passion, and then rapidly throws over her slight misdeeds a lovely cloak of green. In other countries, however, she is a more passionate dame, and descends in fury upon some devoted land, wreaking her vengeance on the puny lovers who have attempted to woo her hand. One of her favourite methods of damping their enthusiasm is by means of storm and flood, and those who have been through a big flood are not likely soon to forget the amazing power exhibited.

As a striking instance of this capricious bestowal of her seemingly heedless punishments may be instanced the '93 Flood in the Brisbane River. This river has a watershed of fifty thousand square miles, and is hemmed in on all sides by ranges of mountains. The climate is sub-tropical, and the soil very fertile, and a prosperous and increasing population grows maize, lucerne, and pineapples, while much dairying and fruit-growing are carried on. Floods are quite a common occurrence in this river, but it is seldom there is heavy rain on all its three great tributaries at once. This time, however, the whole watershed was exposed to a storm of about five days' duration, when the rain fell as it had not fallen before in white men's memory. In Brisbane, which is twenty-five miles from the mouth of the river, as much as ten inches fell in one day, and over thirty inches altogether. It is an awe-inspiring sight to watch ten inches of rain fall in one day. It came down with a continuous roar, varied by driving gusts, during which the rain redoubled its energy. Hillside roads were inches deep all day long in running water, while the broad and spacious gutters were running bankers, and the sewer-vents were miniature cataracts. Yet the rain here was comparatively mild in its intensity. On the Blackhall Range to the north, it was said to have rained thirty-two inches in one day and over seventy inches during the five days. This must have meant over seven thousand tons of water to the acre in that unfortunate place.

When the rain ceased, bright, sunny weather set in, for it was in February, the hottest month of the year. As the water takes many days to flow from the mountains to the sea, the flood did not develop all at once. From telegraphic reports, it was soon perceived that the worst might be feared, and hour by hour the rising waters confirmed these fears. Places which had never been flooded before were now remorselessly surrounded, and the water crept gradually up the steps and into the verandahs, and then proceeded to climb the walls, while outside the sun shone brightly.

All through the week the waters rose higher and higher, and on Saturday afternoon the city was thronged with busy sightseers watching the flood from points of vantage. The great river, ordinarily so far down in its deep bed, was a banker, and the swift current rolled turbidly along, with many a swirling eddy. Haystacks, dead cattle, and other evidences of farming disaster were to be seen floating down. The big bridge which crossed the river and was the means of communication with that part of the city on its south bank, ended in a small island of dry land, beyond which was a waste of watery streets and submerged houses. In company with many others, we had wandered over the bridge to feast our eyes on this scene of desolation. We noticed, however, a sudden movement of the people to recross the bridge, which soon developed into a stampede. We also took to our heels, and looking up the river, we made out a large dark object just coming round the curve at the top of the reach. It travelled rapidly, and we reached the parapet on the other side in time to see it approach the bridge. It proved to be the first house to come down. Most of the

houses in Brisbane are built of wood, and owing to the ravages of white ant are placed on piles capped with inverted tin-plates. At first the houses used to be nailed through the plates on to the piles. But it was found that as the nail rusted and the hole it made grew larger, this let the dreaded white ant into the house. So now the houses are simply laid on the piles. There are no brick chimneys, as the kitchen is either in a separate building to the rear or else is provided with a stove suitably protected in the house itself. Consequently when the Flood came, it simply floated the houses off their piles. Though the houses are wooden, they are got up very prettily, and this one was evidently quite a new one, most tastefully painted, with ornamental ridge-capping, verandahs, and French windows. At the rear was a kitchen annexe, which made it somewhat lop-sided in the water, though the piano might also have helped in this respect. As it approached the bridge, the great crowd seemed to hold its breath, for we thought it might damage or even break through it. But the house made straight for one of the big iron piers, and the pier literally crunched through it as if it were matchwood, and it passed under on the other side an indistinguishable mass of wreckage. But this was merely an advance-guard, and we saw half-a-dozen pass through that afternoon. Hundreds floated down that night and the next day, and it was reckoned as many as five hundred houses went down to the Bay during that flood.

As the week drew to a close, the situation became tragic, but Sunday was the great day, the day of the flood. It was a brilliantly sunny day with hardly a cloud in the sky, but for once all the churches were empty, the absorbing interest of watching the swirling waters engrossing everyone's attention. During the night the great bridge, across which we had raced so frantically, gave way before the terrific force of the waters, and was swept away. Boats were the order of the day, and it was curious as one glided down an erstwhile street to note how the tops of submerged fences were alive with insect life of every description, venomous and otherwise. The waters, strange to say, were not at an equal level in different places, but where the river valley was narrow, the level was higher than where it was broader, and a few miles below the city, where the hills subsided into a level expanse of plain, the flood was only a few feet deep. In its course through the city, however, the river rose fifty feet or more above its highest normal level. Then gradually the waters fell, and the roar of the river as it flung itself round the bends was like the rumble of an approaching storm, and could be heard for miles. But hardly had the people begun to breathe again, before the rain started once more, and a week later a small flood, as big as the '87 one, took place, and a fortnight later the windows of heaven re-opened, resulting in a flood as big as the first one. For a fortnight the city was cut off from the outside world, and when at last the waters permanently subsided, they left a very muddy and bedraggled city. Where the flood had been worst, a coating of thick chocolate mud about two feet deep had been left in the houses, and the process of cleaning the city was a herculean task. But with characteristic energy, the people at once set about repairing the damage done, and in wonderfully little time the city had settled down into its usual routine, but for months a peculiar odour lingered about the parts that had been submerged. The flood-waters had of course done immense damage to the stock of those shops which had experienced them, and a good third of the city had suffered. The main street of the city was a heavy sufferer, and as it had never been flooded before, the disaster was so unexpected that practically nothing had been saved from the ground floors. Hence succeeded an orgy of sales such as had never been known there. In spite of the heavy losses, there seemed to be plenty of money to buy the dripping garments and damaged goods of every description offered at 'flood prices.'

From the hinterland the reports were of course piteous, and the losses amounted to millions, while over fifty lives told the tale of sacrifice which the storm fiend had exacted. But heroic actions were performed, and these brightened the gloomy record of disaster. Since that time Dame Nature has been on her good behaviour. She sent no floods at all for years after, and none since then of any magnitude ; so that to-day in that beautiful river valley the Great '93 Flood is rapidly becoming a distant memory.

THE TEACHING OF JESUS

II.

G. C. SHARPE

PERHAPS a more telling, because hortatory, sample of his policy of self-abnegation is to be found in Luke 6^{22-30}. We there are distinctly commanded to obey a set of rules of the most subversive kind. 'Love your enemies, do good to them that hate you, bless them that curse you, pray for them that despitefully use you. To him that smiteth thee on the one cheek offer also the other; and from him that taketh away thy cloke withold not thy coat also. Give to every one that asketh thee; and of him that taketh away thy goods ask them not again.'

On no interpretation can these injunctions be taken lightly. They must either be obeyed strictly or rejected. The usual policy of treating them as a sort of receding goal is not in the least convincing.

The View of a modern Jew

Now let us see what can be made of them as permanent ethical ideals. Mr. Montefiore who, as I have said, is an eschatologist reserving the right to look at the ethics of Jesus from other standpoints, says 'the nobility of these lofty injunctions cannot be ignored.' Just previously he finds a ground for complaint in a certain 'dissonance' between them and the spirit in which the preceding woes are pronounced. 'One cannot help feeling a certain dissonance in the idealism of 27 seq. preceded by the contemptuous denunciation of 24–26. How far did the disciples of Jesus ever seek to love their enemies, for example, the Jews? The whole history of Christianity supplies the answer. The lofty demands of Jesus have been always and conspicuously violated. The very author or compiler of 24–26 and 27 seq. did not perceive the dissonance between them. Did even Jesus show or feel a yearning pity for those "rich" who, on his own showing, so greatly required it? Would he have mourned their destruction and hastened to prevent it? If God, as he says in v. 35, be really good to the wicked how can they be permanently excluded from the Kingdom of Heaven, how can it be right to point at them the finger of scorn, to predict with complacency their time of mourning and tears, to call them vipers and children of hell? Human nature is inconsistent and frail, and Jesus was not exempt from frailty and inconsistency. Even for him it was not easy to practise what he taught, or to see the mote in his own eye while he chastised the beam in another's.' This quotation is interesting as illustrating the point of view of a modern Jew, but still more as shewing how early arose the difficulty of planning life to the scale prescribed by these injunctions.

The orthodox Christian View

Dr. Plummer, who accepts them as moral standards, says, 'It is impossible for either governments or individuals to keep them. A state which endeavoured to shape its policy in exact accordance with them would soon cease to exist; and if individuals acted in strict obedience to them, society would soon be reduced to anarchy. Violence, robbery, and shameless exaction would be supreme. The inference is that they *are not precepts but illustrations of principles*.' As an example of his meaning, he adds, 'It is right to withstand and even to punish those who injure us; but in order to correct them and protect society; not because of any *personal animus*. It is right to withold our possessions from those who without good reason ask for them: but in order to check idleness and effrontery; not because we are too fond of our possessions to part with them. *So far as our personal feeling goes*, we ought to be ready to offer the other cheek, and to give, without desire of recovery, whatever is demanded or taken from us. Love knows no limits but those which love itself imposes. When love resists or refuses, it is because compliance would be a violation of love not that it would involve loss or suffering.'

This is, of course, more or less explicitly what Christendom has always thought about these sayings. But it appears to me a species of trifling with what in one sense or another was seriously meant. It is merely a wordy way of saying that there may conceivably be such a thing as well-advised charity, or well-timed connivance at deeds done under the stern compulsion of hunger or nakedness. And it may be as true as it is convenient that love sometimes

dictates resistance and refusal as well as surrender and compliance. Christendom, without doubt, has found much comfort in this reflection. But why so tame a counsel in such heroic language? One does not exhort a man to throw a rope to a drowning man by urging him to plunge in, whether he can swim or not. If the command to turn to the smiter the other cheek is not a command at all, then however irreverent it may seem one is bound to regard the series as a sort of

Moral auctioneering

Much is asked at the start, but less may be taken. Soberly, however, the serious discharge of obligations of this kind can only be undertaken on a basis of divided labour and by a vicarious few. The Roman Catholic principle of relieving the rank and file of the onus of sanctity can be the only effective one. A saint must be a specialist in virtue, set apart by the rest of the community because he has peculiar aptitudes and a preference for self-suppression. The protestant theory of sainthood as compatible with any legitimate pursuit, and as applying equally to the man behind the counter and to the man behind monastery walls is untenable. Society as a whole cannot meet the demands of Christianity if its earliest ethical injunctions are literally binding.

But on other grounds, why should a man not resent malicious interference with his interests or attacks upon his reputation and life? As a general rule of universal applicability, the policy of non-resistance is impossible, and probably cowardly. Our personality is as sacred a trust as can be imagined. Nothing that wilfully attacks it is half as sacred. We can depend upon it that of two men, the one who invades the other's rights or threatens his existence is much the less worth preserving. The one ground indeed on which the policy can be considered is that to which Tolstoy resorts, namely that non-resistance is the best form of defence. Most of us, however, would doubt the soundness of his view.

Again, why should one not allow the legitimacy of love of one's possessions as a motive for retaining them? Why should one not doubt on other grounds than those of love for the claimant, the desirability of handing over one's possessions to the person who simply demands them. We have all too long had some sort of religious sanction for self-deprivation. We now require one for self-realisation. And we realise ourselves to a large extent in the things we love sufficiently to acquire. When one is required to part with something one loves, the one sincere motive for letting it go must be the hope that our generosity may disarm the rapacity of our tormentor. This is the tacit argument at the root of our adherence to the maxim that what is ours is still more some one else's. And I submit that the rough common-sense of the world has achieved this end in a much more direct way. It has given the free-booter to understand that he is not wanted.

The Eschatological View

But what if these were injunctions framed in view of a short-lived world? Let me quote Pfleiderer's words. These verses, he says, are 'not practicable in any society because they would destroy all law and order, and give free play to brute force. They are only to be understood from the feelings of a time when the world seemed about to dissolve, and all social institutions to be annihilated by the fire of the Last Judgment. Only under such circumstances could it seem proper wholly to abandon one's own rights, and to show complete indifference to honour and shame in this world in order to receive for oneself the glories of the world to come.' In this view the advice is sound, morally and practically. One does not stop to avenge a taunt in a burning house, or to dispute the marauder's claim to a garment already aflame. Nor is it in such a case simply a matter of discarding what is no longer useful. It is something more than that; it is a matter of wise concentration and expectation. He is only a fool who cannot withdraw his ears from irrelevant sounds to the imperative call of the trumpet. If the Kingdom of Heaven is really at hand, it is a sacred duty to gauge correctly the importance of what may not pertain to it. It is no longer quixotic and visionary to leave all and follow him, if the end is near; it is sober sense. Picture the circumstances, the forebodings, the luminous expectations of Jesus, his fiery insight into the temporal nature of this substantial world, and his strange advice becomes obvious sanity.

Its Justification

However, there may be still some doubt in the mind of the reader as to whether this catastrophic view of the kingdom is really true; also whether an earthly kingdom was what Jesus meant. What of the suddenness of the coming in view of parables like the leaven or the mustard seed? For a very long time improving and encouraging discourses have been preached from these texts, to small and struggling congregations, proving how gradual is the triumph of truth, and by what methods it triumphs. And quite rightly if the kingdom is a leaven of truth or a mighty thing which had an insignificant beginning. But with regard to the parable of the mustard seed, the words of Bousset are worth quoting: 'When Jesus in the parable of the grain of mustard seed speaks of the rapid and enormous growth of the Kingdom of Heaven, we must remember that the mustard shrub was a garden plant which sprang up in a single summer. Thus there is no question in this parable of the development of centuries, in which the Kingdom of God should gradually rise victorious over the nations, but of an inconceivably swift and dazzling coming of the golden age, now appearing in its first tentative beginnings through the activity of Jesus in miracle-working and casting out of demons.' We all know too how swiftly leaven works in the flour. The fact is, no support is given in any of the parables of the Kingdom to the idea of a slow and gradual unfolding such as we, looking back across the history of Christian development, are inclined to read into them.

On the other hand what a host of sayings can be understood only on the supposition that it will soon and suddenly appear. His disciples, as I have already mentioned, will not 'have gone through the cities of Israel till the Son of Man be come.' 'The Kingdom of God,' again, 'cometh not with observation; neither shall they say, Lo here! or there! for lo, the Kingdom of God is in the midst of you.' Bousset may or may not be correct in thinking the right translation of this verse to be, 'For lo, the Kingdom of God will (suddenly) be among you,' but certainly the whole sense of the passage conveys surprise. The main duty of his disicples was in his view not to be caught unawares. 'Blessed are those servants whom the Lord when he cometh shall find watching.' 'Be ye also ready: for in an hour that ye think not the Son of Man cometh.' Either these words must be given the ordinary evangelical interpretation, which most of us would think an artificial one, or they were intended as a warning to his own disciples regarding an event affecting them.

Christ's Kingdom

As for the character of the Kingdom, its external and earthly character is abundantly testified. Says Montefiore: 'The Kingdom as Jesus used the term was not something within a man; it was without him; it was a condition of the world, a state, of which his own beatitudes would indeed form a part, but which was primarily something given, something striven for, something social and general rather than something purely individualistic and personal.' When a picture is given of the golden age in any of his sayings, the simile of a banquet is often used. To his disciples at the last supper he says, 'for I say unto you I will not drink from henceforth of the fruit of the vine, until the kingdom of God shall come.' This does not of course mean the exclusion of spiritual elements from his conception of the kingdom. Indeed he everywhere declares that character will be the test of admission to it. Nor am I endeavouring to prove any absence of spiritual features. All I desire to show is that Jesus meant by the Kingdom an earthly state, soon to appear, and possessing sensuous as well as ethical features. And this I take it is undeniable.

Was Jesus wrong?

Well, then, as regards his Messianic expectations does it mean that Jesus was simply wrong? 'We must admit,' says Dr. Charles, an orthodox scholar, 'that this expectation of Jesus was falsified.' But what of that? Jesus, I take it, was also right. His error was only a matter of a few centuries. He underestimated the force and spirituality of his own movement by more than a score of centuries. But his dream is none the less true on that account, but more true. Prophecy has nothing to do with mere dates; it has to do with general principles and the ultimate certainty of consummation and fulfilment. Had the future fallen below the expecta tions of Jesus, then he might have been

called a false prophet; but it has risen sheer above his expectations. His prophecy is truer than he imagined, because it foreshadowed a vaster realisation than he dreamt of.

And what about the validity of his ethical principles? Do they lose all cogency in the falsification of his hopes? May it not rather be that in a way they gain a new cogency, not as ridding us of the duty of devising moral solutions of our peculiar problems, but as shewing that nobility of soul consists in ordering our work-a-day life in harmony with a consciousness of the unseen life. We are at least shown what is the form of conduct when the unseen and eternal invades the seen and temporal. Jesus shewed us what a man ought to do in view of a sudden spiritualisation of life. A certain type of future demanded a corresponding sacrifice of the present. What is required by a short future is in principle required by a long one. The present must in principle give way to the future, whether long or short. The problem of ethics is in fact simplified on the new view of Christ's teaching. In a short view of the future one's renunciations may require to be more precipitate and drastic than in a long view; but the subordination of the present to the future, and of the material to the spiritual remains

A clear obligation

And a simple one! In any kind of world, long- or short-lived, Mammon and God come into conflict, and when the conflict occurs Mammon must go. The sole difference on the newer view is that a clean field is allowed the mind and conscience in ethical as in intellectual interpretation. We are given a principle instead of an iron command, and we must each of us fearlessly and conscientiously apply this principle to the problems of life as they arise. In the ethical as in the intellectual world we are no longer puppets but men and women.

Jesus did not condemn Martha because she wanted to cook him a good dinner, but because she lacked that central peace without which not even a dinner can be properly cooked. Our religion must find its natural expression in our moral strength and in our social usefulness.—*Henry Gow.*

THE FORWARD MOVEMENT

The Sunday School Association is desirous of closer contact with the schools which it exists to serve. Very many of the schools are excellently organised and doing splendid work. Their teachers and officers are second to none in their devotion to the cause of religious education. But there are many isolated schools, some small, some of quite considerable proportions, which might well benefit by being brought into touch with what is going on in other parts of the country. It must prove beneficial to become acquainted with the more definite aims and purposes of those organisations which have made advance upon the methods and ideals they received from the stalwarts who preceded them. In the old days men and women often got the great part of their education in Sunday schools, and there was unmistakable need for the secular side of Sunday school work. At the present time, the need is for religious education: it is a great need, and it will become greater. In order to encourage Sunday school teachers in their religious work, the Association has determined to visit, sooner or later, every Sunday school in the land.

At first it may be desirable to visit groups of teachers where grouping is possible. Several week-evening conferences have already been held, and others are in contemplation. It is also desirable to hold conferences with the teachers of individual schools: these can be held on Saturdays and Sundays, those on Sundays following a visit to the school when the visitor will have had the chance of seeing teachers and scholars at work, taking notes of method and practice likely to be useful elsewhere, and deciding what hints may be given for the benefit of the school.

All this will work out to the benefit of the schools in at least two ways: enthusiasts will be brought into contact with workers from other districts; and the Association may discover how it can become of greater assistance to the associated schools. The Association has often been complimented upon the excellence of its publications and its aids for teachers, but it recognises that much remains to be done. The Association is eager to serve the best interests of

the religious education of our young people, and desires to receive the suggestions of all who are engaged in the work.

The Forward Movement Scheme will cost money; that goes without saying. Generous donors have contributed a sum of £100 to be going on with, and when that sum is exhausted it is hoped more will be forthcoming. All that the schools which are willing to receive a visitor are required to do is to provide such hospitality as may be necessary: the scheme will be carried out otherwise at the expense of the Association. This is a big undertaking, and cannot be carried out all at once; but the outcome will make for increased effectiveness throughout the different branches of our common activity.

The visitors will be drawn from our active and experienced workers whose enthusiasm makes them desirous of sharing the good things they know with their fellow-workers and so increasing the power of our schools as agencies for the development of religious education. The duties of the visitors will be undertaken cheerfully, without fee or other reward save the consciousness of serving the schools in which they themselves have found great joy. There will be nothing of the 'inspector' about them; they will simply be friends inspired by a common desire to see the schools in the Association occupy a strong position in the world of religious education. The visitors will be invited to supply a separate report of every visit they make, and they will be furnished with forms for the purpose. The local superintendent will fill up the form which is printed below, and the visitor will receive a copy so that he may be the better prepared for his visit. This form will itself be a means of education to all concerned. It suggests a good deal of what is possible in the work of a school by the questions asked; it gives hints of what to provide in the way of accommodation when new premises are to be erected; it brings out the importance of good class-books and proper equipment; and it invites suggestions as to the needs and wishes of the men and women who are engaged in Sunday school work. The secretary of the Forward Movement Scheme will be glad to receive in addition replies to some of the questions from those who may not be asked to fill up the form for any particular school officially.

Every school on the Association's list has been made acquainted with the proposal and replies are now being received daily. At the time of writing nearly a hundred acknowledgments have come to hand, and about two-thirds of them are acceptances of the offer of a visit at a date convenient to the visitor. Some of the smaller schools do not think that it would be right to trespass upon the funds of the Association or the time of its visitors, but it is the intention that every school willing to receive a visit shall participate in the benefits of the Forward Movement.

The Scheme will naturally take some time; it is hoped that officials everywhere will recognise this and by their co-operation contribute to the successful completion of this enterprise.

Information desired from the Superintendent

(1) Accommodation:
- Are the school premises adapted to keeping good order?
- Are the staircases wide or narrow?
- How many separate classrooms are there?
- Is the ventilation good?

(2) Order and Discipline:
- Does the whole school assemble for the opening service?
- Does the whole school assemble for the closing service?
- Is quietness secured before, and during hymn and prayer?
- Is the door kept closed two minutes before, and during service?
- What is the method of attendance-marking?
- In what way is persistent misbehaviour dealt with, and by whom? Teacher, Superintendent, or School Committee?

(3) Education:
- Is there any denominational teaching given?
- What books are being used?
- Are scholars encouraged to read in preparation for the next lesson?
- Are there any suitable pictures on the walls? If so, are they ever the subjects of 'talks about the pictures'?
- Is there any definite course of instruction throughout the school, or

do the teachers plan their own lessons? Is there any haphazard teaching?

Is any opportunity given for scholars to talk over the lesson with their teachers?

(4) DEVELOPMENT:

What responsibilities are given to elder scholars?

How do they help in the work and life of the school?

What is done to attach elder scholars to the church?

Are 'Old Scholars' Reunions,' or similar gatherings, held, and how often?

Are prizes given for attendance and good conduct?

Is anything done to direct home reading?

(5) STAFF:

Is a Teachers' Class held?

Do teachers study any book in addition to preparing for the next lesson?

Do teachers work together and support the superintendent?

Is any advantage taken of modern methods of education?

(6) MANAGEMENT:

Is there a School Committee? How is it composed? Are there upon it representatives of classes and societies?

What is the method of moving scholars from class to class?

Are removals based upon age? stature? merit? friendship? the wishes of the teacher, or what?

Are Parents' Parties held?

Is a copy of the school rules exhibited on the walls in an accessible place?

Do scholars and teachers use our publications?

(7) VISITING:

Are scholars visited? and by whom? Teachers? Minister? Special Visitor?

How many absences are allowed before a visit is paid?

What is done to extend the influence of the school to the home?

Is anything done to help the private devotional life of the scholars?

(8) MISCELLANEOUS:

What special services are held? Flower? Temperance? S.S. Anniversary? S.S. Association? Harvest? Peace? Citizen?

(9) Are there any new ways in which you think the Association might help you in your work?

THE EARLY LIFE AND HOME OF ROBERT COLLYER

The Yorkshire Blacksmith

ROBERT COLLYER

I WANT in this paper to tell you what one of my children used to call 'a truly story.'

It came to me one day when I went on a pilgrimage to a huge old factory in the valley of the Washburne, in Yorkshire, in the summer of 1865. I wandered about in a kind of dream. The handful of people left there then were at work among the wheels and spindles, watching me between whiles—for strangers seldom came to that remote place, and I was clearly a stranger; and then my dress was not what they were used to, especially my American 'wide-awake.' They were as strange to me as I was to them. There was not a face that I knew—not one. And yet this was where I was once as well known to everybody as the child is to its own mother, and where I knew everybody as I knew my own kinsfolk. For it was here that I began my life, and lived it for a space that now seems a lifetime all to itself. And this brings me to my dream.

I saw in one of the great dusty rooms of the factory, a little fellow about eight years old, but big enough to pass for ten, working away from six o'clock in the morning till eight at night, tired sometimes almost to death, and then again not tired at all, rushing out when work was over, and, if it was winter, home to some treasure of a book. There were 'Robinson Crusoe,' and Bunyan's 'Pilgrim,' and Goldsmith's Histories of England and of Rome, the first volume of Sandford and Merton, and one or two more that had something to do with theology; but it must have been

[1] Reprinted from 'The Western Monthly,' Chicago.

meat for strong men, for none of the brood of children that read the stories, and the Goldsmith that was just as good as stories, would ever touch these others after one or two trials.

One of these books that used to lead all boys captive in those good old days, this boy I saw in my dream would hug up close to his bowl of porridge, and eat and read; and then he would read after he had done eating, while ever the careful house-mother would allow a candle or a coal. But if it was summer, the books would be neglected, and the rush would be out into the fields and lanes, hunting in the early summer for birds' nests that the tender and holy home canon would never permit to be robbed, and it was always obeyed; or in the later summer, seeing whether the sloes were turning ever so little from green to black, or whether the crabs—of the wood, not the water—were vulnerable to a boy's sharp and resolute teeth; and when the hazel-nuts would be out of that milky state at which it would be of any use to pluck them, and what was the prospect for hips and haws.

The men who profess to know just how we are made, as a watchmaker knows a watch, tells us that once in seven years we get a brand new body—that the old things pass away in that time, and that all things become new. I wonder sometimes whether it is not so with our life. Is not *that* new as well as the frame? There I was that day—a grey-haired minister from a city that had been born and had come to its great place since that small lad began to work in the old mill, as I saw him at the end of a vista of four and thirty years.

I watched him with a most pathetic interest. 'Dear little chap,' I said, 'you had a hard time then; but then it was a good time too,—wasn't it, now? How good bread and butter did taste, to be sure, when half a pound of butter a week had to be divided among eight of us, and the white wheaten bread saved for Sunday! Did ever a flower in this world beside smell as good as the primrose, or *prima donna* sing like the sky-lark and throstle! Money cannot buy such a Christmas pudding, or tears or prayers such a Christmas-tide, as the mother made and the Lord gave when you and the world were young! Seven years you stuck to the old mill—and then you were only fifteen; and then, just as they were crowning the Queen, you know you had to give it up, and to give the home up with it, to go out and never return to stay. And so I lost sight of you out of that bad but blessed life in and out of the factory, and have never set eyes on you until to-day,—you dear little other *me*, that was dead and is alive again, and was lost and is found!'

That was how I came to think of my story, and that I might tell it as a word of encouragement to many that may need such a word—about that way of life which I have travelled many miles, since I set out, not knowing whither I went, to the pulpit and pastorate of Unity Church.

But I cannot tell the story I want to tell, if I let myself drift away just here from that boy in the mill on the Washburne, and say no more about him. I like him well enough, after all these years, to stay beside him a little longer; and, beside that, he had a great deal to do with the making of as much of a man as is now at the other end of this pen.

I notice in Bunyan's 'Pilgrim,' that all the characters that great dreamer creates are so far hardened in the mould before he lets us see them, that we feel all the time it is a foregone conclusion. Obstinate, Pliable, Ignorance, and the rest on that side, are bound to come to grief; while Christian, Hopeful, and Faithful are sure to reach the Shining City, no matter what may befall. Something like this is true of our common life. Before we begin to live to much purpose any way, the things are gathered and laid up that are to make or mar us. We are not aware of it, any more than the young birds, as they flutter out of the nest to do for themselves, are aware how they will be sure to find out when to go north or south, and how to build and line their own nests, and where and what to seek for *their* callow brood. But it is all there. Nature has taken care of that; and Nature and Providence do together for the fledgling child what Nature alone does for the bird. I have heard that the nuns who teach in convent schools say, 'Let us have the Protestant child until it is seven years old, and then we have no fear for the future; it is sure to come at last into the Church.' I imagine that, as a rule, this is true; and usually when Protestant parents pay for the education of their children in those schools, they pay

for an item that is not in the bill—their conversion to Romanism. It has been noticed, too, that when German children come here from the fatherland, and eagerly turn to the English tongue, giving up their native speech, it is no matter how long they live in that habit, if the old man, who has not spoken a word of German since he was a child, loses himself in his last moments, he then goes back to that other self—the fellow of the one I saw in the old mill—and talks German again. So the poor old knight whose life as a man had been one of great gluttonous sin, forgot for a moment on his death-bed his own awful remorse and the blasting of his hopes by the breath of the king, and babbled of green fields where he had wandered, no doubt, as an unfallen child, to gather kingcups and daisies, and chase the rabbit to its burrow.

That grand and hearty Englishman, Sydney Smith, used to laugh at ancestral pride, and to say that the Smith crest, with which all their letters were sealed, was the Smith thumb. I cannot laugh with that lord of laughter there. I would be glad to know that I came of a great line if it had been God's will.

About a year ago there was a paragraph in the papers, of a murder in San Francisco, that I read again and again with a wonderful interest. Colonel Fairfax, so the papers said, had been stabbed in the streets of that city by some wretch for a fancied injury. The murdered man had strength enough left to draw his revolver and cover his assassin, who then begged abjectly for mercy, when the dying victim said, quietly: 'You have killed me, and I can kill you, but I spare you, villain and coward as you are, for the sake of your wife and little children.'

If I were not myself, I would love to be the Fairfax that should succeed that noble fellow, not alone for that splendid piece of chivalry of which there was never more need than there is now, the grace I mean of forbearance unto death in the face of the worst injury one man can inflict on another; not for that alone, but because that man was the last of a mighty line whose name was the pride of all the boys of my companionship, and whose great mansion once nestled on the southern and sunny side of the high land that gave us only its northern shoulder. We were proud of that Fairfax line. It had disappeared from the country many a year before I was born; but the tradition was strong still of the great Sir Thomas, who fought with Cromwell for the people against the King. And we preserved one tradition of him that has never appeared in print;—how his arm was so long, that when he stood stretched to his full height, the palm of the hand rested on the cap of the knee; and in some skirmish, also unrecorded, when our hero was met alone in one of our narrow lanes by eight or ten of the enemy, and it was one down and another come on, Sir Thomas by favour of his long arm and stout heart, cut down about half the number, and the rest galloped away. That Fairfax was a great figure in our juvenile Valhalla. He was one of a line of noble men, with a few exceptions, that had housed itself there at Denton for many hundreds of years. It saw good reason finally for settling in Virginia, gave a great friend to Washington, but not to the infant Republic; and so came down to that man murdered the other day on the Pacific coast.

Pride in an ancestry like that it must be good to feel. I think that man remembered he was a Fairfax and must not stain his name with murder for murder, and that had something to do with his noble forbearance. He must die like a Fairfax. Such persons bring with them into the world a vast advantage over the common run of us. Their organism is like the organ of a great maker—something unique for its sweetness or strength; and the soul, like a great organist, makes a music that is all its own. I think we would all, please God, belong to a line like that. It is something still in our life, like the separate line of David, by which should be born in the fulness of time the greatest of all the figures in human history.

But when that cannot be, what we may all be glad and proud of is a line that is good as far as it goes. This is the way I feel about that little man who was to worry out of that factory somehow into a pulpit. The line began with the father and mother. There was a grandfather who fought under Nelson and went overboard one black night in a storm; he was on the father's side. And then on the mother's side there was another sailor who went down the sea in a ship that never came up again. Then there were two widows who fought the wolf while they were able, and died pre-

sently of the fight. Then, as the century was coming in, Yorkshire, with its great mills, began to be to the South of England what the Far West has been to the East here in our day—the land of promise to all who wanted to better themselves. So a bright orphan lad in London and a lass in Norwich heard of it, and were caught by that impulse to get out of the land of their kindred, which caught their son many a year after and swept him over the Atlantic ; and I have no doubt, from what I have heard them say, they were after that quite of the mind of the old ballad :

> York, York, for my monie ;
> Of all the places I ever did see
> This is the best for good companie
> Except the city of London.

So what the boy saw when he began to notice, was, a woman, tall and deep-chested, with shining flaxen hair and laughing blue eyes, a damask rose-bloom on her cheek—as is the way with the women of her nation—a laugh that was music, too, and a contagion of laughter you could not escape was at the heart of it—a step like the deer for lightness, and an activity that could carry its possessor twenty miles a day over the rough northern hills, and land her safe home in the evening, no more tired than one of the fashionable ladies in Chicago would be in going from cellar to garret in her own home. Woman's rights, as a natural truth, must have come to me by that mother. I believe, as I sit and think of her wonderful genius for doing whatever she took in hand, that if she had been told to do it, by her sense of duty, and then the way had opened, she would have led an army like the old queens, or governed a kingdom. What she did govern was a houseful of great, growing, hungry, outbreaking bairns—keeping us all well in hand, smiting all hindrance out of our way, keeping us fed and clad bravely, and paying for school, as long as we could be spared to go, out of the eighteen shillings a week the quiet manful father made at his anvil. The kindest heart that ever beat in a man's breast, I think, was his. It stopped beating in a moment, one hot July day ; and before any hand could touch him, he was in 'the rest that remains.'

But in those brave old days, while the first fifteen years were passing that do so much for us all, there we were altogether, in one of the sweetest cottage homes that ever nestled under green leaves in a green valley. There was a plum tree, and a rose tree, and wealth of ivy, and a bit of green sward outside ; and inside, one room on the floor and two above ; a floor of flags scoured white, so that you might eat your dinner on it and no harm be done except to the floor ; walls whitewashed to look like driven snow, with pictures of great Bible figures hung where there was room, and in their own places kept so bright as to be so many dusky mirrors ; the great mahogany chest of drawers and high-cased clock ; polished elm chairs, and corner cupboard for the china that was only got out at high festivals ; a bright, open sea-coal fire always alight, winter and summer ; with all sorts of common things for common use stowed snug and tight in their own corners, like the goods and chattels of Ed'ard Cuttle, mariner. That was the home in the day of small things, matched then and still by ten thousand cottages in the good old shire, but never surpassed there or anywhere, when you count what was done and what there was to do on.

'Master, What shall I do? . .'

'MOLLIE BAWN'

I dreamed a dream, which was not all a dream.
Methought, the Master taken from their view,
His lone disciples praying heavenly guidance
Faltered, 'O Father, what would Jesus do?'

Two thousand years! Yet still the cry goes upward,
In words of old but accents ever new.
Hearts sore with sense of wrong, eves dimmed with weeping—
Do we stand by untroubled? Teach us what to do!

For 'Bread of Life' thy children vainly hunger;
Yet to thy Feast there cometh, Lord, but few.
Do we with 'stones' and 'scorpions' seek to feed them?
Direct thy servants! Shew us what to do!

From souls bowed down with sin and want and sorrow,
Our spotless garments we, in pride, withdrew,
Boasting, 'Lord, not as these, the lives we offer:
We bring a stainless past.' Stay! what did Jesus do?

When faith burns dim or passions wildly beckon,
When might o'errides the right, and false the true,
When friendships fail, when weakness draws us downward,
And life, at best, bears but a sombre hue,

Be thou, O Master Christ, our Great Example.
Our vows, as thy disciples, we renew:
Then shall our souls become God's living temples
And we shall know what he would have us do.

HOME UNIVERSITY LIBRARY. ETHICS, by G. E. Moore. On first consideration it would seem impossible to present anything like a satisfactory account of Ethics in this small volume. Yet, in the sense of dealing with the fundamental problems of Ethics, this has been done. A few questions such as 'What is it that we mean to say of an action when we say that it is right or ought to be done?' and 'What is it that we mean to say of a state of things when we say it is good or bad?' are discussed from the point of view of different thinkers. In that way we get discussions of Utilitarianism; The Objectivity of Moral Judgments; Results the Test of Right and Wrong; Free Will; and Intrinsic Value. It is not a book to be lightly read through. It is full of careful argument and must be as carefully followed, but it is not abstruse and is free from technical terms. No writer could possibly be clearer in setting out his arguments. It will be a liberal education to anyone in the proper use of words. We are all familiar with arguments in which a word is used in different senses. This book will cure the reader of any such weakness, as is shown, e.g., in the different senses in which many use the words 'could,' 'should,' and 'possible.' The author is above all things fair-minded. His opponent's case is stated clearly, and the reader is left, in cases where both theories seem plausible, to decide for himself. The book can be confidently recommended to the studious beginner and will also be found by those who have worked at the subject to be a refreshing summary.

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THE MAKING OF THE NEW TESTAMENT, B. W. Bacon, LL.D., D.D. (Williams & Norgate, 1/-). Professor Bacon writes with enthusiasm for his subject and, given the slightest interest in the matter under consideration, the slowest reader will be led to make his own the information which our author sets out so effectively. The book might have been one of the dullest imaginable, as far too many dealing with the topic have been, but it is correct and precise without being technical. Any one who avoids this book will be doing both it and himself a wrong. Books on the Bible fill hundreds of shelves, and are left there in orderly respectability; this book will have been well thumbed before ever it finds a temporary resting place beside the reader's favourites.

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HISTORY OF UNITY CHURCH, ISLINGTON, 1667–1912, Caroline Titford (Essex Hall, cloth 2/-, paper 1/6). Mrs. Titford is to be congratulated on the attractive story she has put together concerning this Church, which has had her faithful service these many years. Departing from the custom of such books the author has inserted a good deal of information about Unity ministers still alive; this fact will not detract from the value of the book in the time to come. The chapter supplied by Mr. Waters on the ministry of Dr. G. Dawes Hicks is especially valuable, containing as it does the little known story of the foundation of the *Hibbert Journal*. A useful addition to the appendices would have been some account of Salters' Hall. The book will increase its readers' respect for the common ancestry and put them in touch with some of the great minds of the past.

NEWSPAPER ILLUSTRATION. The rescue of John Wilson, the Durham miner, after an imprisonment of 100 hours, reads like a scene from Zola's 'Germinal.' 'It's grand to see a sight of the bonny blue sky again,' said the poor fellow when they brought him to the surface. Wilson's escape from the torrent that broke into the workings on Thursday has raised a faint hope that some, at least, of the other ten men may be reached before it is too late. Meanwhile news comes of another mining disaster, this time from a lead mine in the Isle of Man. When the miners went down the ladders to their work yesterday morning they found hot air and poisonous fumes in the shaft. Nineteen men had gone down before it was found out that anything was wrong, and of these fourteen remain in the mine, and their case must be hopeless. How the fumes came to be there is a mystery. The last shot fired was on Saturday. Is it possible that the gases from the explosive gathered in the shaft and did the mischief? The fumes of some of the modern explosives are known to be deadly.

* * *

'The story of Father Mathew's life was most interesting. It proved to be just the right kind of story to keep the attention of my scholars. I must confess that before reading Mr. Freeston's book I had never heard of the man.' To others in like case we say 'Get the book.' (Essex Hall, 6d.)

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THE ART OF ILLUSTRATION: A VERY BAD SPECIMEN. 'Love's Quick Eye. Some time ago a splendid religious painting by the world-famous artist, Peter Paul Rubens, was discovered in an old picture-shop in London. An expert with keen eye went to the shop, and, amid a heterogeneous mass of rubbish, he detected, under the grime and soot and dust of years, a masterpiece of Rubens. Curshing down the quiver of excited pleasure at his discovery that came to his voice, in as calm a tone as he could command, he asked the picture-dealer how much he would take for this old bit of canvas. The picture-dealer looked at it, and said, "I will sell it for thirty shillings." And thirty shillings were paid, and the purchaser took the painting home and got it cleaned and restored, and out from the grime and dust there shines to-day a beautiful picture by Rubens, valued at several thousand pounds. God can detect amid the grime and dust of sin and fallen humanity the masterpiece of his Son.' No; but God is not a bargain hunter, a cheat!

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You said that you wished we might settle down to sound and constructive work, and get rid of the 'muck-raker.'

I agree with you that the muck-raker stands in the way of large plans for betterment. But it might be well to refresh our minds in regard to the man with the muck-rake. His character was most admirably drawn by Bunyan:—

'The Interpreter takes them apart again, and has them first into a room where there was a man that could look no way but downwards, with a muck-rake in his hand. There stood also one over his head with a celestial crown in His hand, and proffered him that crown for his muck-rake, but the man did neither look up nor regard, but

raked to himself the straws, the small sticks, and the dust of the floor.

'Then said Christiana, "I persuade myself that I know somewhat the meaning of this; for this is the figure of a man of this world, is it not, good sir?"

'"Thou hast said right," said he. . . .

'"Then," said Christiana, "O deliver me from this muck-rake."

'"That prayer," said the Interpreter, "has lain by till it is almost rusty. 'Give me not riches,' is scarce the prayer of one in ten thousand."'

The man with the muck-rake, then, is one who can look no way but downward, and is so intent on collecting riches for himself that he does not see or regard any higher interests. I agree with you that if we are to have any constructive work in American politics the first thing is to get rid of the man with the muck-rake, and to put in his place the man with the Vision.—*S. M. Crothers.*

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CHARACTER-TRAINING, by E. L. Cabot and E. Eyles (Harrap & Co., 3/6 net), may be heartily commended to our Sunday schools. Every teachers' library should possess this book. Written by a lady member of the Massachusetts Board of Education, and revised for English schools by a London head-master, it provides a complete course of ethical teaching during eight years of *day* school life, i.e., between the ages of six and fourteen. For each year a fresh aspect of character-development is taken up and set forth in ten monthly lessons; these main topics are in their order, helpfulness, home life, work, golden deeds, loyalty, friendship, patriotism, choosing a calling. Thus we are provided with something of outline and illustration for *eighty* moral lessons on most important topics. The illustrations will perhaps be found the most valuable element in the book; they range over a wide field of legend, history, tales, and poetry, many are fresh and out-of-the-way, and are all delightfully set forth. Though they are graded to follow the advancing age of the scholars, most will be found adaptable for almost any class. An introductory chapter 'To Teachers' sets forth usefully and pleasantly some principles of moral teaching.

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MOTTO CARD FOR 1913 (S.S.A., 1d.). Miss Alice M. Odgers has been very successful with her design, in colours, to illustrate the text 'He shall come again with joy, bringing his sheaves with him.' The Card should have a large sale. On the back are printed lessons for Sunday reading with the children. Twelve of the first thirteen are treated in this number of the QUARTERLY.

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AN INTERPRETATION OF RUDOLF EUCKEN'S PHILOSOPHY, W. Tudor Jones, Ph.D. (Williams & Norgate, 5/- net). Dr. Eucken can have had no more enthusiastic student than Dr. Tudor Jones, who was among the first to introduce Eucken to English readers—some who read this notice will remember his articles in the *Inquirer*. Years of familiarity with the teachings of the genial professor—a capital photograph appears as frontispiece—fit him as few others to write his interpretation, and it is done with freedom and freshness from a full mind. Probably the chapter on Christianity will attract most attention thoug whether of agreement or not remains to be see There is room for difference of opinion upon th conclusion. 'There is no longer any meaning i asking whether the Founder was a "mere man or a God. He was an intermediate reality b tween the two.' In him 'we are face to face wit an eternal reality revealed within the soul of th "son of man."' But Eucken points out tha it is not in the life of Jesus alone that we ca obtain such a vision, though we do not gain th vision by merely *saying* this. Then there is n limit to the number of 'intermediate realitie between the two.' So we arrive at this: wha happened in the case of Jesus is an inspiratio that something similar shall and can happen *i ourselves*. Here is the gospel. All that happene to Jesus may happen to his followers. Eucke is distinctly unorthodox. We hope this 'Inter pretation' will have a large sale.

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CHRISTIAN THOUGHT SINCE KANT, Edwar Caldwell Moore, Parkman Professor of Theolog in Harvard University (Duckworth & Co., 2/ net). The series of Studies in Theology, to whic there have been contributions from Dr. Fairbairn Dr. A. S. Peake and Dr. McGiffert amongs others, gains in value by the inclusion of Dr Moore's work. Dr. Moore indicates the relation of the progress of doctrine to the general histor of thought in the nineteenth century. 'There i no such strife between rationality and belief a has been supposed.' 'If we would contend tha religious thought is the truest and deepes thought, we must begin at this very point. We must make it conform absolutely to the laws o all other thought.' The leadership of German scholars is dealt with at length, but the original and creative contribution of British authors is recognised as great. England showed signs of action and reaction and 'in no country has a church which has been esteemed to be Protestant been so much influenced by Catholic ideas.' This is a valuable book. Its discrimination will make it useful to a great body of readers.

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LEGENDS OF SAMOA, George Burnett Stallworthy (Essex Hall, 6d.). A pleasing booklet suitable for a New Year's gift. Those who remember the author's previous effort, '*Buddha : the Enlightened*,' will want this.

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TEACHERS' HELPS. *The Christian Life* is producing a series of Lessons 'from the Old Testament.' They are written by Rev. Arthur W. Fox, who is a liberal illustrator, and that is what teachers look for—see also his *Practical Teaching of Jesus of Nazareth*. *The Manchester Notes* for September gave the first of a set of 'Lessons on the Book of the Acts.' *The Inquirer* presents a weekly talk 'For the Children.' 'The International Bible Lessons for the month are discussed in *The Unitarian Monthly* and illustrative stories are often given.

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The Title Page and Index of the SUNDAY SCHOOL QUARTERLY will be sent to all who ask for it and enclose one penny stamp. Write to Mr. Hare, Essex Hall.